

High's

The new Tariff forces us to reduce stock. Prices gone to pieces.

SILKS. A MERCILESS SLAUGHTER in fine Silk Fabrics. The choicest and most stylish goods to go at a big sacrifice. Heavily stocked here, we forget all cost and profit price, and think of only one aim and that is to reduce.

At 75c—One lot fine striped and figured Taffeta Silks, nice for dresses and waists, some in lot worth as much as \$1.50.
At 49c—One lot evening shades Faille Francais and Gros Grain Silks, worth as much as \$1.00.
At 69c—One lot black figured Taffetas, black Gros Grain, black Satin Duchess and Gros de Londre Silks, representing values as high as \$1.25.
For 69c
At 29c—One lot fine evening shades Chrysanthemum Crepes, all Silks, truly

Worth 65c

At 99c—One lot fine imported Dress Silks, in all the latest and most stylish weaves and shading, values here as much as \$2.00 a yard.
At 50c—One lot colored Satin Duchess, worth everywhere \$1.00.
At \$1.50—200 pieces fine colored Silk Velvets, the identical values of other people's \$2.50 grade. Only \$1.50 yard

Dress Goods.

With the force of New Tariff Prices brought to bear on our Grand Dress Goods Department many purchasers have found it to their interest to invest. With the idea of getting rid of all woolen goods before January 1st, we have gone still lower in prices.

We Offer—

One lot Scotch Cheviot Plaids, French Mixtures and small check Novelty Suitings, strictly all wool, worth \$1.00 a yard.
Now 50c
One lot 54-inch Check Novelties and German Weaves, stylish and worth \$1.50.
Now 75c
One lot all-wool Colored Serges and Henriettas, worth 65c.
Now 29c
One lot imported Scotch Cheviots in navy only, 56 inches wide, worth \$1.00.
Now 50c
A lot of all-wool Flannel Dress Goods and Scotch Cheviots, sold everywhere at 50c.
Now 25c
37 pieces French Broadcloths, steam shrunk, easily worth \$1.50 a yard.
Now 89c



Blue, figured with black, Gown, with petticoat, vest and pointed sleeve caps of velvet. Blue chiffon ruffles at each side of vest and over sleeves.

High's

Choice Merchandise at less than cost of importation.

Black Goods. One of the most popular Departments in our store—exceedingly so just now—when low prices create the interest.

At 49c—We offer 11 pieces 40 inch, all wool black Wales Diagonals, were \$1.00; and very stylish for nice wear.
At 63c—10 pieces, 48 inch black silk finish Henrietta, a lovely fabric, and worth \$1.25.
At 98c—9 pieces, 56 inch black Granite Serge, good, serviceable and stylish, and worth \$1.20.
At 75c—1 lot black figured Novelty Dress Goods, representing \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 values, now 75c.
At 63c—10 pieces black Broadcloth, regular \$1.25 value, now 63c.



Dressmaking

Stylish costumes of silk or wool can be gotten up now in our Dressmaking Department at a very little cost. We are prepared to turn out Gowns for Wedding, Reception, Dinner, Visiting or Street wear on short notice. First-class work at moderate prices.

Books. We have received the past week 10,000 Books—Novels, History, Romance, Fiction and Juvenile Literature. A place in center of store has been allotted them, and the prices are away under any and all competitors.

5,000 cloth bound, handsomely covered 12mo. Books, popular authors, sold by Book Stores at 50c.
Our price 25c.
3,000 Books, standard authors and popular romance and fiction, bound in cloth and gilt, Book Stores sell as leaders at 75c.
Our price 25c.
George Elliot, Scotts, Shakespeare, Dickens, Dumas, Hawthorne, and many other works in sets,
At one-fourth regular prices.

HOSIERY

BUY HOSIERY—AT—HIGH'S

A most excellent stock and the best and cheapest to be had anywhere

16c PAIR Buys Ladies' Hermsdorf black Hose, full regular made, double heels and toes, and worth 25c.

25c PAIR Buys Ladies' Hermsdorf black Hose, double soles, high spliced heels and extra heavy toes; worth 40c.

\$1 BUYS 3 pairs of "Our Own" fast black Hose, for ladies, linen spliced heels, soles and toes; worth 50c pair.

Genuine shaw-knit Half Hose, no dye, no seams, at 15c; worth 25c.

High's

A \$250,000 stock of Merchandise now on hand. We must reduce it.

FEATHER BOAS.



A delayed order on these popular novelties gives us quite a big lot. Look how we dispose of them:
\$20 Ostrich Feather Boas now \$14.
\$15 Ostrich Feather Boas now \$10.
\$10 Ostrich Feather Boas now \$6.50.

Druggist Sundries

Turkish Bath Soap, 25c dozen.
Lettuce Cream Soap, three cakes, 10c box.
Buttermilk, Cold Cream and Glycerine Soap, 7c cake.
Machine Oil, 3c bottle.
Garwood's Triple Extracts, 19c ounce.
Colgate's Triple Extracts, 19c ounce.
Viola Complexion Cream, 25c bottle.
Violet Water and Bay Rum, 35c size, 15c bottle.

Handkerchiefs.



A Most Magnificent Stock Of Fine Handkerchiefs To Select From.

One lot Ladies' and Gents' Embroidered and Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, worth 25c;
Sold at 12 1-2c.

Gents' fine Hemstitched, Initial, and colored bordered Handkerchiefs, worth 50c, Sold at 25c.

One lot children's colored bordered and plain white Handkerchiefs, worth 10c, Sold at 5c.

One lot Ladies' and Gents' white and colored bordered Handkerchiefs, worth 10c, Sold at 5c.

One lot Ladies' colored bordered Handkerchiefs At 2 1-2c.

One lot Ladies' and Gents' colored border, embroidered and plain hemstitched Handkerchiefs, worth 35c, Sold at 19c.

One lot Hemstitched white China and Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs, worth 50c, Sold at 23c.

Full line fancy Silk Handkerchiefs and muffs.

LADIES' Corsets and Skirts.



One lot R. & G. Corsets in white, drab and black, worth \$1.25, at 75c.

One lot fine Corsets, best makes, sizes somewhat broken, were \$3.00 and \$3.50, to close at \$1.49.

Ladies' black satine Skirts, deep ruffle or three small ruffles, worth \$1.75, at \$1.00 each.

Ladies' black satine Skirts, ruffled, worth \$1.25, at 75c.

Ladies' black brilliantine Skirts, two deep silk ruffles, worth \$5.00, at \$3.50.

High's

New Tariff schedules go into effect January 1st '95. A merciless slaughter in all woolen goods now.

Leather Goods.

1,000 ladies' Russia leather Purses, worth 50c, at 25c.
60 dozen ladies' Shopping Bags, worth 50c, at 19c.

MILLINERY!!

If You Have A HAT TO BUY You Are Fortunate. For our prices are about one-half now.

At \$1.39 One lot Trimmed Hats, were \$2.50 and \$3.00.
At \$2.50 One lot Trimmed Hats, were \$3.50 and \$5.00.
At \$3.98 One lot Trimmed Hats, were \$6.50 and \$7.50.
At \$7.50 One lot imported French Pattern Hats, were \$15.00 and \$20.00.
At 19c One lot Untrimmed Fur Felt Hats, were 50c and 75c.
At 10c One lot Jetted Aigrettes and Birds, worth 75c.

Cloaks!

WE SAY To you honestly and candidly we are "stuck" on Cloaks. Not in the cheaper ones but in the high-price garments. The way out of it is to make cheap prices out of high ones, hence the great cut made now.

49 Ladies' extra long Oxford Gray, Tan and Navy Blue Cheviot Cloth Jackets, reduced from \$12.50 and \$13.50 to \$6.50 each.

83 Ladies' elegant circular Capes, all styles, colors and cloths, reduced from \$22.50 to \$10.00 each.

161 Ladies' Broadcloth, Kersey cloth, Diagonal Cheviot and French Coat cloth Jackets, full 42 to 46 inches long, were \$25.00; now \$12.75 each.

75 Ladies' imported tailor-made cloth Suits, perfect fit guaranteed, were \$22.50; reduced to \$10.00 a Suit.

49 Ladies' Canadian Seal, real Astrachan and French Coney Fur Capes, originally worth \$30.00; now \$15.00.

125 Misses' Jackets, made of Scotch Cheviot, Boucle, Coat cloth and Rough Diagonal, Van Dyke collar, reduced from \$15.00 to \$9.00 now.

43 Misses and Children's fine Gretchen Cloaks, trimmed with imitation seal fur, elegantly braided, new style sleeves, full sweep skirt, were \$17.50 to \$20.00, now \$6.90 each.

89 Ladies' Shopping and Traveling Capes, made of imported cloths, English style, very attractive garments; were \$19.00, Now \$7.50.

75 Ladies' applied cloth Capes, full sweep, reduced from \$15.00 to \$7.50 each.

25 Children's wool Reefer Jackets At 75c each.

31 Ladies' light weight cloth Capes At \$1.00 each.

27 Ladies' light weight cloth Jackets, were \$5.00, Now \$1.50 each.

63 Children's Angora Fur Sets At 98c each.

29 Ladies' Fur Muffs, silk lined, were \$5.00, At \$1.00 each.

21 Ladies' Serge Skirts, all wool, were \$6.85, Now \$2.50.

High's

Every article in our store is offered at a lower price.

Gloves. . .



Gloves to fit the hand perfectly will wear much longer. This we claim for all our Gloves. Every pair fitted at our counter is guaranteed to give satisfaction.

We offer now:
Ladies' 4-button Glace Kid Gloves at 75c, worth \$1.19.
Ladies' 4-button Glace Kid Gloves at \$1.50, worth \$2.25.
Men's fur top lined Gloves at \$1.00, worth \$1.50.
Children's fur top Kid Gloves at 75c.
Ladies' silk hand-knit Mittens at 50c, worth 75c.
Men's fine Kid and Skin Gloves \$1.50, worth \$2.00.

STATIONERY.

Real Irish Linen Note Paper and Envelopes, worth 50c a box, sold by us now at 12c box.

JEWELRY

LOOK THROUGH our handsome Jewelry Cases, and you will see something that will please you at a less cost than other people ask you. . . .
Brownie Stick Pins, 5c each.
Imitation Shell Hair Pins at 10c each.
Link Cuff Button, a big line, 49c.
Pearl Penholders, 25c each.
Children's Brownie Rings, at 19c each.
Children's solid gold Rings, 25c each.
Big line Czarina Collars, very low prices.

BLANKETS!



175 pairs large size all-wool white Blankets, a regular \$4 value, \$2.59 a pair

189 pairs 11-4 white wool Blankets, worth \$6, now \$3.49 a pair

125 pairs extra large size white wool Blankets, worth \$8.50, now \$4.90 a pair

67 pairs fine wool gray Blankets, worth \$4, at \$1.98 a pair

100 pairs white Blankets, worth \$1.25, at 49c a pair

COMFORTS

One large size cotton-filled satine covered Comforts, worth \$1.10, at 73c each.

91 extra full size Comforts, cotton filled, worth \$2, at \$1.10 each.

110 very fine large size Comforts, satine covered, a regular \$2.50 value, for \$1.79.

Fine silk covered Eiderdown Comforts, worth \$15, at \$8.90.

Silk covered Eiderdown Comforts, worth \$20, at \$11.23.

Chenille Covers.

190 6-4 Chenille Table Covers, double fringed, worth \$1.50, to go At 50c each

Table Linens

10 pieces 68-inch heavy bleached Satin Damask, worth 90c At 59c yard

11 pieces 58-inch Cream German Damask, At 35c yard

19 pieces Turkey Red Damask, warranted fast, worth 75c, At 49c yard

Remnants of fine Linens in 1 1/2 to 3 1/2 lengths at 50c on the dollar.

High's

Cost and profit price a thing of the past. To get rid of the majority of our mammoth stock is now our aim.

UMBRELLAS

Some exceptional values here.



One lot 26-inch Satine Umbrellas, fast dye, worth \$1.00.

At 49c each One lot 26-inch Silk Umbrellas, worth \$2.25.

At \$1.39 each One lot fine pure Italian Taffeta Silk Umbrellas, worth \$3.50 to \$4.00.

At \$2.39 each

100 fine 12-4 Marseilles Pattern Counterpanes, worth \$1.75, at \$1.19 each.

110 Real Marseilles Counterpanes, worth \$3.00, to go at \$1.83 each.

TOWELS

200 dozen 25 x 50 Satin Damask Towels, knotted fringe and open work ends, worth 50c. Special now 25c.

190 dozen 22 1/2 x 45 heavy Linen Huck Towels, easily worth 25c; sold tomorrow at 15c.

Notions.

35c fine Silk Elastic, 19c yard. Good Hair-curlers only 5c.

Sarah Bernhardt Hair-curlers only 10c.

Best English Pins, 3c paper. Good American Pins, 1c paper.

Whalebones, only 10c bunch. Bone casing, 2c yard.

Dress Shields, 5c pair.

Union Suits.

Ladies' Derby Ribbed Union Suits, worth \$1.25, at 73c a suit.

Ladies' lamb's wool, white, ribbed Union Suits, glove-fitting, worth \$2.25, at \$1.49 a suit.

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woolen System combination Suits for Ladies, light, medium and heavy weights.

Ladies' fine undyed natural wool Union Suits, worth \$5.00, at \$3.49.

Children's Ribbed Union Suits at 49c each.

Boy's Clothing.

While we hammer down prices it is not at the expense of quality; this is always of the highest standard.

300 Boy's all wool double breasted Cheviot and English Worsted Suits, worth \$5.00; sold now At \$2.50 a suit.

Boy's Cape Overcoats, neat patterns of mixed chevots, well made, nothing like it ever shown for less than \$5.00. With us tomorrow At \$3.00 each.

Boy's Reefer Coats, all wool, blue chinchilla, worth \$10.00. Now to go 60c.

High's

The world cannot equal the prices made by us now.

Merino Underwear.

Ladies' genuine camel's hair Vests and Pants, heavy quality, positively worth \$2.00, at \$1.00 a garment.

Ladies' pure lamb's wool non-shrinkable Vests and Pants, worth \$1.75, at 98c a garment.

Ladies' black Equestrienne Tights, regular price \$4.50, now \$2.75.

Ladies' medicated scarlet wool Vests and Pants, \$1-25 quality, Monday 75c each.

Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Vests at 19c each.

Ladies' fleece-lined Vests at 48c each.

Men's genuine camel's hair Shirts and Drawers, bought to sell at \$1.50 each, now \$1.00 each.

Men's white lamb's wool Shirts and Drawers, regular price \$2.50 a garment, now \$1.20 each.

Men's natural wool Shirts and Drawers, worth \$1.00, at 69c.

Complete line Misses and Children's Underwear at cut prices the coming week.

Flannels.

39 pieces fancy striped French Flannels regular 50c value, Now 23c a yard.

Solid colored Eiderdown Flannels, worth 50c, for 29c a yard.

BARGAINS!

BARGAINS!

SECOND FLOOR.

TAKE ELEVATOR.

We have removed our Domestic and Wash Goods department from the Basement to the Second Floor, where we have better light and better facilities for handling the immense crowds. On this floor are the great Bargain Counters for which our house is noted, where we sell goods cheaper than anywhere else in the south.

5,000 yards dark Outing Flannels, worth 10c, tomorrow 5c yard

Two cases good roc unbleached Canton Flannel, for Monday at 5c yard

2,500 yds. figured Satines, worth 12 1/2c, at 5c yard

Three cases yard-wide standard Bleached Domestic, worth 8 1/2c, tomorrow at 4 1/2c yard.

6,000 yards figured Florentine Suitings, a very pretty wash fabric, worth 10c, at 5 1/2c yard.

Sixty pieces regular 33c Dress Goods, good selection of styles, special at 14c yard.

200 pairs Pullman car Blankets, extra large size, worth \$3.50, at \$1.98 pair.

SHOES

We would especially call your attention to the extensive, varied and well assorted stock of Shoes we carry for ladies, men and children. Our prices just now are lower than was ever known in any shoe house in Atlanta.

Ladies' hand sewed Button Boots, cloth and kid top, in all the new styles, worth \$4.00 and \$5.00, now go at \$3.00 a pair.

Men's Goodyear Welts in Bals and Congress, worth \$3.50; are to go now at \$2.00 a pair.

Misses' bright Dongola Kid Button Boots, at \$1.35, worth \$2.00.

Boys' Button Shoes, good reliable quality, worth \$2.00; at \$1.50.

High's

A feast of Bargains for the next 30 days. We mean what we say.



Brussels Carpets worth \$1.00 a yard made and laid now at 75c a yard.

See our wool Carpets, one yard wide, sells everywhere for 65c; our price, made and laid now at 50c a yard.

37 Rolls fancy Matting, weighs 85 lbs. to the Roll; sold for 30c a yard; yours now at \$6.00 the Roll of 40 yards.

A big stock of large Rugs, all styles and sizes for center rooms and halls; take your choice now at 70c on the dollar.

100 pair satin finish Derby Portieres, entirely new and very effective, worth \$9.00 a pair; to introduce them will sell them now at \$5.00 a pair.

Draperies and Furniture Coverings.

500 Yards of these fine goods, ranging in price from \$2.00 to \$3.00 a yard, thrown out on the counter now at \$1.00 a yard.

BASEMENT!

Crockery and Holiday Goods

A TIGHT FIX.



1—Great Scott! I hope I'll reach that fence before he nips me."



"Well, thank my lucky stars—but—"



3—What it is?"



4—His usual luck. Deane: When do you expect your wife home from the country? Hard Luck: The first night I get drunk.

ACCIDENTAL.



Mr. Stubb Pen: There! that batch of jokes has fallen into the fire. Pick 'em out, Puss, please. Mrs. Pen: And save your chestnuts from the fire, dear!

DURING A PAUSE IN THE SERMON.



"Woman, can she be so slow to go to sleep in a bed of sin? Don't high F. women don't sleep in a bed of sin?"

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Light Without Heat.

One of the most fascinating problems which it will probably be the good fortune of some electrician to solve, is to do that which the tantalizing little fairy, knowing nothing about the subject, can do before our eyes, while the greatest scientists on earth are failing in almost every attempt to imitate it. The almost inestimable value of this discovery, which we feel sure will be made sooner or later, is so well recognized that there is no need to dwell upon it again. But while waiting to chronicle the event of its discovery, it gives us pleasure to note any success in this direction, even though it may be only an approach at a solution. Under a somewhat obscure title in a recent issue of a foreign journal devoted to pure science, we find that Professor Ebert has deduced the laws according to which apparatus should be constructed to produce light by means of high frequency electric currents, without converting most of the energy into heat. He has obtained a light of about one-thirtieth of a candle, with an expenditure of only about 1.500th to 2000th part of the energy required in the amylacetate candle lamp. The comparison would, of course, be somewhat less favorable to the incandescent electric light, but nevertheless the difference would still be very great.

The light efficiency of an incandescent lamp is said to be about 5 per cent, which means that 95 per cent is converted into heat and 5 per cent into light; from this it would appear that the greatest possible efficiency which can be expected is twenty times as great as that of the incandescent lamp, assuming that the 5 per cent which is now converted into light is converted as efficiently as it is in the cold phosphorescent lights. He furthermore expresses the belief that by proportioning the apparatus according to the laws which he gives, very bright lights (how bright is unfortunately not stated) can be generated with only an expenditure of some millioths of a watt. We hope he, or some one else, will soon prove the correctness of this, in which case the lawsuits regarding incandescent lamps will cease and arc lamps will be relegated to the museum and college laboratories as illustrations of what the past generations did not know. How much of this discovery, if it turns out to be a real discovery, is due to Tesla, would appear after a more thorough discussion of it; at present the researches of Ebert seem to be a mere development of the work by Tesla in this country.

Extracting Teeth by Electricity.

Trials are reported to have been made at London, England, with a new apparatus for the extraction of teeth by electricity. It consists of an inductive coil of extremely fine wire, having an interrupter that can vibrate at the rate of fifty times a second. The patient sits in the traditional arm chair and takes the negative electrode in his left hand and the positive in his right. At this moment the operator turns on a current whose intensity is gradually increased until it has attained the utmost limit that the patient can support. The extractor is then put in circuit and fastened on the tooth, which, under the action of the vibrations, is loosened at once. The operation is performed very quickly and the patient feels no other sensation than the pricking produced in the hands and forearms by the passage of the current.

Consumption Is Infectious.

From The Boston Commonwealth. A curious and painful object lesson in bacteriology is presented in the case of Dr. John M. Byron, of the University Medical college, in New York. While experimenting with the bacteria of tuberculosis, last February, he probably became careless and inhaled some of them, for in two weeks he found himself suffering from consumption. He was in perfect health when this happened, weighing 165 pounds; now he weighs 120 pounds. Dr. Byron is one of the most eminent bacteriologists in this country. It was he who demonstrated the existence of the bacterium of leprosy. He expects to cure himself, and every one will hope that he may succeed. He has done enough to prove that consumption is really infectious.

Treatment of Ulcers by Electricity.

From The St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The utilization of static electricity for medical and surgical purposes has attained in America to a point unknown in any other country. From time to time, however, reports come from Europe, and especially from France, of progressive work in this direction, and the late results of Professor Doumer, of Lille, in the application of static currents to certain skin diseases and ulcers are of the utmost value. It would appear that, no matter how malignant the sore may be, it speedily becomes amenable to the treatment, and many wounds that had seriously sapped the vitality of the patient and were apparently incurable were successfully subjected to the electric spray. The treatment is simple and painless. The ulcer is first washed with some antiseptic solution and then covered with a thin layer of absorbent cotton wool. The patient is placed on an insulating stool and the positive electrode is brought so near to the ulcer as to cause the passage of an electrical spray without any spark. This spray, or electrical douche, is allowed to play on the part affected for ten minutes, and cotton wool dressing is then applied. The treatment is renewed every three days. The origin of the ulcer has much to do with the specific effect of the treatment. Professor Doumer states that where the ulcer is due only to a varicose condition or a blow immediate improvement is usually manifested, the pain and itching disappearing very quickly, the swelling soon goes down and the ulcer ultimately heals over. Where the patient is greatly debilitated by old age, Bright's disease or other chronic affection, in addition to the varicose condition, the action of the spray, as might be expected, shows far less effective results. A case is given of an elderly man who had formerly been given to drink and who had large varicose ulcers. In consequence of a blow an ulcer appeared on the leg. The sore was most malignant and the fluid was swollen for nearly three inches of its length. The patient was treated by the ordinary antiseptic methods for three weeks without marked change. Immediate benefit followed the use of the electric spray; the sittings were continued daily, and after the third the pain and swelling decreased. Marked improvement set in, and in three weeks cicatrization was complete, and the ulcer has shown no signs of returning. This is one of the many cases in which static current seems to have a special field, and it is now certain that, with the advent of the beautiful method of applying electricity the possibilities of electrotherapy in the cure of diseases and the alleviation of suffering have been immensely widened.

Cosmopolitan Language in Electrical Science.

Ever since the doctors have discovered the efficacy of electricity in the treatment of disease, they have invented and applied certain names to certain electrical phenomena, in many instances at radical variance with those adapted by the electricians, thereby creating great confusion and misapprehension. There is now being an earnest effort to rectify this difference and to establish clear and more consistent relations between medicine and electricity. Dr. W. J. Herdman urges the adoption of a cosmopolitan language in electrical science. He says: "Words must mean the same to the electrician as they do to the physician. For the sake of simplicity and clearness, and in the interest of progress, the electrician must be willing to lay aside his 'galvanism' and 'faradism' and speak of constant and induced currents, while the physician, electrical engineer and biologist, on the other hand, must not affect a system of purely technical expressions." It is interesting to note that the same idea has been ventilated in France. M. Hospi, the well-known French electrician

IMPOSSIBLE.



Salesman: What kind of a sewing machine do you want? Old Maid: Why one with a "feller's" please.

THE WRONG SANDWICH.



1—She: Forgive me! Forgive me! I can never be yours. I am another's. 2—He: Ah false heart, beware! I will destroy myself. I will go to the Sandwich—and—



3—She: Great heavens! he has joined the army and is really going to the Sandwich Islands (taints). 4—To think that I should have driven him to it."

TRUE TO LIFE.



1—This is not a madman, but Cholly the football player before— 2—He Brushes His Hair.

and writer, in drawing attention to the errors and inaccuracies of language in French public documents relating to scientific matters, says: "In scientific language there should be no synonyms; one word should be dedicated to one thing and have a perfectly definite meaning. It is poverty rather than wealth of words that science demands. Where compound words are required, they should be formed according to a strict rule, and always used in their entirety."

Electric Plumbing.

From The Industrial World. A new electrolytic method, of great use to plumbers, is the joining of metal to earthenware. The earthenware should have an unglazed surface, but if otherwise the glaze is removed and the surface is coated with a solution of copper sulphate. To this coating the lead pipe can be soldered in the ordinary way by means of a plumber's "weld" joint. This process, it is said, will probably supersede the use of rubber sleeves, washers and putty, with which imperfect joints have often been associated.

What Becomes of the Pin?

The pin machines of England, Holland and Germany turn out an average of 67,000 pins for every work day of the year. At Birmingham one factory makes 30,000,000 per day.

Don't Sleep Where the Gas Is Burning.

A burning gas jet is unhealthy in a bedroom, because one gas light gives out as much carbonic acid gas as two sleepers.

The Best Furniture Polish.

Raw linseed oil and spirits of turpentine, in the proportion of two-thirds oil to one-third turpentine, is the model furniture restorer. It is what professionals rely on; as a rule no other. The woodwork should

dilation of the Pullman car. Although shifted from its normal position on the trucks, with the exception of the smashing in of the platforms the car body suffered little and resisted the shock to a remarkable degree. It is doubtless true that the weaker carriages before and behind the Pullman car acted in some measure as buffers, but it is evident that if the other cars had been built with something of the longitudinal stiffness of the Pullman, while the truth might have been thrown off of the track, there would have been no such complete smashing up of the carriages. Our ordinary carriages, with their comparatively weak sills and end construction, serve quite well enough for ordinary service, but in case of collision they can offer slight resistance. With cars of longer and heavier build, the alignment of the train may be broken and the cars may be thrown violently from the line and overturned, but the chances are much more likely to remain intact and to offer the occupants an opportunity to escape than the match-box structures which compose many of our express trains.

Areas of Circles.

There is no present practical method known to man to accurately measure land in a circle, casks containing liquids, steam boilers, or even a grindstone.

The Industrial World.

Published every Thursday at Chicago, Ill., is a remarkably comprehensive journal. Its scope, as indicated by its name, is universal, and we know of no publication that more fully keeps abreast of all matters industrial. We can conceive of no branch of industry that would not profit by its weekly visits.

CAUGHT IN THE MAILS.

Mrs. Langtry's Husband.

From The New York Advertiser. A suite of rooms was engaged at the Fifth Avenue hotel yesterday for Edward T. Langtry and valet, who will arrive in a few days from north Wales.

Mr. Langtry is the husband of the "Jenny Lind" at present on a tour through this country, and it is said that he is coming to America with a view to divorce proceedings. Mr. Langtry rarely sees his wife, and then it is only a formal meeting. It is said that Mrs. Langtry has offered to supply her husband with certain information that would precipitate divorce proceedings, but so far he has declined.

Now, however, it is understood that he will seek a separation in this country on the single charge of desertion. In England any evidence of collusion would cause the interference of the queen's prosecutor.

The Napoleonic Craze.

New York Letter. The Napoleonic craze is in New York with a vengeance, and if the great general had half as many lives as are displayed of him in bookstore windows, he would have outlasted the best regulated feline on record. One has but to walk up Broadway and examine the art stores to read the story in color of the child of Elbe from the cradle to the grave. Not a fantastic feature of this strange character has been overlooked. His early childhood and his young lieutenant before he had acquired the robust frame and marked features which have immortalized General McKinley in cartoons, may be seen, and each successive period of the varied existence from his advent to the army to his farewell amid thunder and storm on the island of St. Helena, are faithfully shown. In one window the stern features are set with the despair that comes with the news from Waterloo; in the next it is flushed with the victory of some great battle. Here he has heartless adieu to the weeping Josephine, there he stands waiting for a sleeping sentinel. The latter is by far the most popular of the pictures, and is found in all qualities of art. It is the scene with which all are familiar, where the sentinel has fallen asleep at his post and, to his surprise, Napoleon merely says, "Fool fellow, you had a hard day of it and must have been tired, but in times like these we must always watch. I stood your picket," and, handing back the gun, he leaves the wondering soldier almost disappointed that his execution had not been ordered. The works on Napoleon are plentiful. Daily papers print stories and episodes of the commander, and new histories of his career, his campaigns and those of his generals abound. A converse of the post-mortem glorification of the society fad which rules that no avowed household is complete without a pet dog named Napoleon and no chaplain is in good form who cannot tell funny stories about his command. It falls from the sublime to the ridiculous, but if you would be strictly au fait you must at once invest in the prevailing style of art, literature and dog dish.

An Aged Belle.

New York Special. Mrs. Margaret A. Harrison, eighty-three years old, of 22 East Twentieth street, was committed by Justice Hogan today to Bellevue hospital for examination as to her sanity. The affidavits in the case were presented to the court by her daughter, Mrs. Georgiana H. Salter, who, besides substantiating the charge of insanity with two physician's certificates, stated that her mother was guilty of improper conduct with a man over fifty years younger than she was.

It appears that Mrs. Harrison, who is still a well-looking woman, despite her many years, is rich and owns considerable real estate. She has always looked after her own property and has spent much of her time abroad, chiefly in Paris, where, half a century ago, it is said, she was one of the belles of the court of Louis Philippe. Seven years ago, Mrs. Harrison left her daughter's house and went to live at 22 East Twentieth street. Her announced reason for making the change was that she and her daughter got on better when they were apart. She has made many friends at the house, who say that she is a bright and cheerful woman, who never seemed put out unless her daughter came to see her. They indignantly deny both charges against her.

Kissing for Revenue.

From The Wilmington Messenger. A peculiar suit is pending in New York state. Miss Mueller gave free kisses at a church festival for the benefit of the church. A fellow with money in his pouch attended and he planked down his spool of thread for a kiss. He got it and liked it, and kept on paying and kissing until he emptied his wallet. Thinking over the sweetness and satisfaction of the oculatory performance, he concluded to marry Miss M., that he might get his kiss free of charge. He proposed, she consented, then he backed and declared he would not hang his fortunes to a girl who would dispense her kisses so freely, even if it was for church purposes. And now there is a suit for damages. Of this affair The Washington Post says: "At first the lady wept, refusing to be comforted, but after indulging her grief for a fortnight she went to see a lawyer and her suit for breach of promise is now on a court docket. The case of Mueller versus Corning promises to have an attractive and illuminating influence. One of the results of the trial may be a discouragement of public and promiscuous kissing as a means of raising money. Kissing for revenue only is not the ideal style of oculation. Some-how, it hasn't the right flavor."

Would You?

He kissed me! Was it very wrong? Ought I to reject his love? Would you? Did such a right to him belong? I know his heart is stout and true. Why did I even dare to guess— That the darling deed would do? Nor could I at the time express An angry protest. Say, could you? He kissed me. Heaven hide the harm His heart in love's glad meshes do! He kissed me and their hearts were true. And I—would you have kissed him, too? —L. M. C.

CAUTIOUS.



Farmer Care: Say, Squire, does that CON. stan' for Confidence or Confidence?

HOW COULD HE.



1—Mr. Large Footer (reading): Yes, it's a fact. Many a thing is thrown into the waste-basket thoughtlessly. 2—Letter Carrier (throwing heavy bundles): Mail! Mail! Mail!

A GOOD ILLUSTRATION.



2—Bang!!!

IN THE DRESSING ROOM.



Dolly: Does it pay painting pictures for a living? Molly: Not so well as painting for living pictures.

Sentimental Newspaper.

From The New York Sun. We are pleased to learn from an authentic source that the circulation of a good many of our contemporaries in the states of the south has been much enlarged within the past year or two. We hear of country papers that have been printed with a few hundred copies, printing thousands, and of city dailies which printed less than 100,000, printing between 100,000 and 250,000. We wish yet more success to our good contemporaries, daily and weekly, as evidence of the growth of the intelligence and interest in public affairs. It is favorable to enterprise and to morality. It is a light for the common good. The existence of a good newspaper in a place is better for it than wealth, but at the same time it promotes the advancement of the soul. It is a light for the soul of the place. The man who, in this age of the world, does not take a good newspaper, a daily paper if possible, is a poor cook, an ignorant man, and a duffer; he is not fit to be a citizen; he can never catch up with anything. Every woman, too, should read a good newspaper. As for the man or woman who takes an untruthful or malicious or a faking paper, or who takes poison in a bull, like to hear of the prosperity of the true and honest press everywhere. It is a good sign for the community. It is evidence of the growth of the intelligence and interest in public affairs. It is favorable to enterprise and to morality. It is a light for the common good. The existence of a good



TYPES OF SOUTHERN BEAUTY.

CURRENT EVENTS FROM
A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

There seems to me to be a Napoleon-like quality about the women of the present. The women have taken it up and the giddy girl who used to worship the heroes of the opera and drama has gone into the Napoleon craze to an extent that will allow the picture of no other hero in her boudoir, which must, of course, carry out the empire era in color and decoration. It seems rather absurd, too, that this stern-visaged soldier, this despot of form, this scouter at luxury, should be the reason for the most dainty and refined household elegance of modern times. A pretty girl here who must have everything up to date has just arranged her boudoir in empire style. The walls are a warm, sunny yellow with a fringe showing wreaths of violet tied with pale green ribbons against a yellow ground. The fine lines of dressing table and washstand is embossed in the same yellow, and the china for both is scattered with violet.

The curtains, of cream white English muslin, have bands of violet wreaths embroidered across them eight inches from the top, and the bed hangings are of the same stuff, caught back with rosettes of violet and pale green ribbon. The matting is yellow, with a cross-stitch Japanese figure in green, and the side lights over the desk and dressing table have violet fringes with yellow shades. There is a pretty bookcase left in to the wall on one side of the deep middle window, and this is hung with violet and gold tapestry stuff, and the portieres to the closet and two doors are of the same rich material. The pictures on the walls are all of empire heroes, Napoleon, one of those fine water-color heads of him, sits on the dressing table in a gold frame and above him hang Josephine and Madame de Stael, so that in death, as in life, he is surrounded by love and hate. Madame Recamier reclines over the mantel in an oval frame, a sort of half priestess of beauty and tranquility.

Madame de Stael, the only one of the three who is a cultured woman with the assertion that I'd rather go down to history any day as Madame Recamier than as Madame de Stael.

Madame de Stael was a marvelously brilliant woman it is true, but she didn't leave much behind her. Whoever reads "Cordine" these days? A very small percentage of our world, and yet everybody is familiar with the beautiful face and form of Madame Recamier, and the fact that time has not worn nor custom staled the immortality of her beauty has been proven through her continued use in Mrs. Harriet Martineau's advertisement. Tell me, therefore, why we worshipers of erudition and beauty so severely tested is not a divine and most desirable gift. The beauty of such a woman as this is worth tons of learning, and the charming part about her is that she was beautiful always to the end of her long life, for the last picture of her shows an old woman with a face that calls forth reverence as well as admiration. Madame Recamier's personality always interested and charmed me as much as her lovely look. For the last time of her life, she was beautiful, and all her great beauty French history records no ugly things against her. There were countless spite and jealousies among the women of Napoleon's court, and yet one beautiful face of anything ugly from the lips of this blessed woman. The name of the Duchess de Brantes, a book full of feminine gossip and prejudices, contains nothing evil about Madame Recamier. She seems to have bloomed serene and fair, giving out fragrance and beauty.

There is no record of a woman even declaring her vain or pretensions. She must indeed have been a rare enchantress, for history speaks of her charms of manner as well as person.

And so the question of the woman's building has been decided at last and the women of the building committee feel delighted over their decision. They were unanimously in favor of the selection made. The building, first and foremost, is

truth is the same old heathen truth just as it has been from the beginning of time, and the woman who has put, through conviction of right, a mask on her heart, has certainly done all that is within human power.

Speaking of emotions and their relations to moral and social law brings me to a rather unusual survey of the way that some good dames have of discussing Tribby.

MISS HATTIE WATERS, of Arkansas.

beautiful and distinctive, and then the arrangement of its interior is practical and beautiful in every detail. The reason it was chosen above the number of lovely looking buildings that were placed on a line with it was because it was not only so charming outwardly as the others, but that it contained and utilized space interiorly more than any of the other plans. From the ground to the dome everything was well arranged. Each woman found every need answered that she could think of. There was, indeed, space for every department that will go to the making of this great exhibit. A number of beautiful plans besides this one were offered, as I said, but not one of them so fully carried out the needs of the great enterprise as did this. The women felt some degree of complacency when the plans were all spread out and inspected by the president and building committee, for the men were so surprised at the number of beautiful plans offered for the competition, and frankly declared that the women had certainly gone ahead of them in the plans they had received for their buildings. The architect who conferred with the committee in regard to their choice of plans said that he really did not dream that women could do such artistic, masterly designing and drawing.

"Why," said he, "these buildings are all bold enough to have been drawn by men. The building drawn by the New York school of applied design was a very beautiful and dignified thing with Doric columns and two graceful Grecian porticoes on either side.

Miss Cooksey, of Atlanta, offered a beautiful plan in the Georgia colonial style and Miss Elberg's plan was good and the interior commodious.

Miss Mercer, the successful competitor, has every reason to feel proud of the acceptance of her plan, for she was totally unknown to any person in this city, and there can be no charge of favoritism or influence. While the probability of other competitors getting the award was being discussed among the women of the board who either knew them or knew of them, this unknown artist was working away quietly, not dreaming, perhaps, that her drawing would be the favored one. The history of the choice is so thoroughly just and honest, therefore, that it really deserves to be recorded among the great letters of the past world and unbiased decision is seldom witnessed where a public work is concerned.

The newest idea in table decoration is the use of tissue paper, whose soft, crinkled surface forms a charming background for fine ferns and flowers. The distinct center table advertisement is used very little now, the story being laid flat on the table in wreaths, garlands, live knots or whatever one chooses in the matter of form. The paper is laid lightly on the table in the form which the floral decoration is to take and is placed over it. The idea is an economical, as well as a pretty one, for pink tissue paper and ferns, and pink roses can be used in a way to look quite as lavish and beautiful as if there were four times as many flowers brought into the scheme of decoration. The northern artists are using long flowing ends of chiffon for bouquets, instead of ribbon, and the effect on a bouquet of orchids or dainty Madame Testout roses is peculiarly light and graceful. It is distinctly bad form to carry a bouquet whose ribbons match one's gown. If the frock is of more the ribbon should be of satin and vice versa. More ribbons are considered best for light tulle or tulle or chiffon, as they set off better the filmy charms of those fabrics.

I heard a bit of astonishing gossip the other day concerning the proposed marriage of a girl with a certain well-known society man who was one of the beaux of beauty before his marriage. The story, dear readers, left the lady in a scandalous and, therefore, you need not be too eager to hear it. It is a simple little story, and it is told in a way that is so amusing that you will find it a little story. The girl, a very young woman, was a very young woman, happy creature, and she was not without a certain amount of beauty. The lady who told the story was a very young woman, and she was not without a certain amount of beauty. The lady who told the story was a very young woman, and she was not without a certain amount of beauty.

The Woman's Building of the Exposition.

no matter in what ignorance that sin has been committed. Therefore when people ask me what I think of "Tribby" I answer that I think everything of it save for that one remark of the wicked child in the book, which Dr. Maurier and not Tribby is responsible. It was simply a masculine point of view. Men can never understand women in this matter. MAUDE ANDREWS.

MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL'S
NEW HOME TOILETS.

Somewhere says, "Only a beautiful woman can wear a beautiful dress."

If this were quite true there would not be so many beautiful gowns worn, but now and then some radiant creature comes to the glorification of the modiste's most recherche creations with a royal generosity of charity that makes up for the discrepancies of others.

Miss Lillian Russell, for example, has some stunning toilets for season, in combination with her beautiful face and superb figure make her a queen of brilliancy in more than one of the other plans. From the ground to the dome everything was well arranged. Each woman found every need answered that she could think of. There was, indeed, space for every department that will go to the making of this great exhibit. A number of beautiful plans besides this one were offered, as I said, but not one of them so fully carried out the needs of the great enterprise as did this. The women felt some degree of complacency when the plans were all spread out and inspected by the president and building committee, for the men were so surprised at the number of beautiful plans offered for the competition, and frankly declared that the women had certainly gone ahead of them in the plans they had received for their buildings. The architect who conferred with the committee in regard to their choice of plans said that he really did not dream that women could do such artistic, masterly designing and drawing.

which is one of the charms of elegant lace. The decolette neck is outlined with a narrow band of lace, the point turned downward, and there is a full plaited fold of the satin across the bust just below the lace, ending in the arm seams and caught together in the center with a jeweled brooch; as for instance an immense opal of wondrous beauty set in many small diamonds. The sleeves are single puffs to the elbow, and over them fall a deep eaplette tightly strapped through the center of white and small capes, which are bordered with the lace. DINAH STURGIS.

CORRECT APPAREL FOR
THOSE WEARING BLACK.

Nowhere is the tale of fashion better told than by the well dressed passerby, and in this way it is now made manifest—that the widow's black is the most effective material. Veils of this spun silk are as light almost as chiffon and are quite as agreeable to the eye as the more conventional black crepe, or again an added one of English crepe topped by a narrow fold of the same, and along with them a few occasional really really splendid ones of Brussels net, of a very heavy grade, arranged in a like fashion. They are both decidedly improvements over the burlesque crepe and nun's veils, but the first mourning veil is generally preferred in the more sober stuffs.

In length, the widow's veil runs all the way from two to three yards and a half. It may even be longer if desired, and though many are bunched slightly at the temples to give an effect of width to the bonnet, again they may be raised back of a flat crepe bow in front to create a look of height.

But it is only in the first weeks of mourning that the veil is now worn over the face. To those inexperienced in this sad line of shopping, the buying of first mourning gowns should call for serious thinking or else be left to the hands of a professional. It is so easy to overdo a thing that is new, to be indifferent to a bow or buckle too much. And today, as always, the ethical test is that of the widow's veil. It is the points that now distinguish the most correct black.

Walking stock, a man will pay from \$5 to \$10. In Strict Confidence.—That the very latest thing in corsets is to have jeweled fastenings; turquoise and small pearls of gold or silver settings are the favorite stones. Ditto.—That the hook is made simply of gold, and the jewel is placed on top of the knob, over which the hook catches.

EVENTS IN THE
WORLD OF SOCIETY.

The event of the past week was Mrs. Tompkins' luncheon to Mrs. Joseph Thompson at the Capital City Club. A ladies' luncheon, where the people are all so thoroughly congenial and well assorted, is an altogether lovely function, and though the idea prevails that men always when they collect for food and drink have a better time than women, I am somewhat inclined to doubt the statement. They may have a worse time than women, but they certainly do not have a better.

When women match wits some very fine things are said. Mrs. Tompkins' luncheon to Mrs. Joseph Thompson at the Capital City Club. A ladies' luncheon, where the people are all so thoroughly congenial and well assorted, is an altogether lovely function, and though the idea prevails that men always when they collect for food and drink have a better time than women, I am somewhat inclined to doubt the statement. They may have a worse time than women, but they certainly do not have a better.

At the concert given on Wednesday evening at the Freyer & Bradley hall, in which so many bright pupils were flattered and so many excellent teachers delicately complimented, Miss Pearl Evans gave Godard's second "Mazurka" in the most charming manner. Her lovely, clear notes, with objects of the highest character. It is the only society of its kind in the south, but is modeled after great organizations which have accomplished results that are a credit to the city. The business department of the Girls' High school, and the membership was confined exclusively to them. Of late, however, a number of others have been admitted, though the chief requisite for admission has been that the applicant be a self-supporting woman engaged in business. This has increased the usefulness of the club as well as the benefits to the members. Handsome rooms on fifth floor of the Grand hotel a home for the club, where every Friday night regularly formed classes of industrial studies are found engaged in various useful studies. The Chaucer-

club Reading Circle also meets under the auspices of the club, forming a class in literature. The teachers are all ladies of experience and ability. The ultimate objects are the establishment of a home, with library and pleasant surroundings, where business women who have no home of their own may find a congenial living place, not subject to the annoyances and inconveniences of boarding houses. It will be seen that charity plays no part in the plans of the club. It is expected to be self-supporting, and the practical habits and views of the members assure its success. To carry out these objects a very considerable sum of money will be needed, and the profits of the present concert will be added to the fund, by no means small, which has already been accumulated by the club.

A wedding of interest to many Atlanta people will be that of Mr. R. E. O'Kelly, of this city, and Miss Fannie Pitts, which will occur at the home of the bride in Thomson, Ga., on next Tuesday morning. Mr. O'Kelly is a member of the firm of Stovall, Calloway & Co. of Atlanta, and is very well known and sincerely liked here. Miss Pitts is a charming girl and

the daughter of wealthy and refined parents. The wedding of Mr. Maggioro Davis to Mr. Alonzo L. McLendon tomorrow evening will be one that will unite two of the most popular young folks in Atlanta. The ceremony will be performed at the Fifth Baptist church. The bride is the handsome daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Davis, of this city. The groom is a most promising young business man.

LILLIAN RUSSELL AT HOME.

One of the most interesting social events of the present week will be the "choral wedding" which will occur at St. Philip's church Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, when Miss Annie Duval, of Louisville, Ky., and Mr. J. F. Thibodeau will be united in matrimony. Miss Duval is a niece of ex-Mayor John Tyler Cooper, of this city. She is a beautiful and accomplished young lady. Mr. Thibodeau is a man in Atlanta is more deserving of popular respect and confidence of the people to a greater extent, both socially and in business relations, than any other man in the city. He holds the position of superintendent of the money order division of the Atlanta postoffice, and though he is the youngest man who has

ever held this important position, it is well known that one has never been in the satisfaction or with a greater degree of intelligence. No cards of invitation will be issued, but all friends are cordially invited.

Last Tuesday evening at the residence of Dr. J. S. Hawthorne, in Manchester, a series of social gatherings to be held under the auspices of the Ladies' Union. The members of the club at present are: Misses Gussie Wylie, Marie Stewart, Annie Fittin, Eugenia Olesley, Kate Williams, Myrtle Scott, Marion Colley, of Washington, Ga.; Minna Beck, Belle Thomas, Lottie Stewart, Janet Cain, Elizabeth and Margaret Pratt, Mary Wood Hill, of Washington, Ga.; Julia Romare, and Annie Lou Hawkins.

Miss Russell's Evening Frock.

ever held this important position, it is well known that one has never been in the satisfaction or with a greater degree of intelligence. No cards of invitation will be issued, but all friends are cordially invited.

Continued on Seventh Page.

PRICE

The Ladies' Bazaar's Old Stand

77 Whitehall St.

Ernest. Our time is nearly up. We have it out in so short a time, the goods made. Starting on Monday the Ladies' Old Stand cheaper than you can find elsewhere. All our salespeople have been employed by us.

Lining

Very best lining Cambrics... 3 1-2c
 12c Waist linings..... 8c
 25c Gilbert's Selicias..... 12 1-2c
 Best Crinolines—all colors..... 8c
 25c Best Linen canvas..... 15c
 8, 9 and 10-Inch Bones..... 8c
 Four yards Velvetene bindings..... 10c
 20c Stockonet Shields..... 10c
 Buttons at half price.

Art Goods.

One lot plain hemstitched and tinted squares..... 5c
 50c Stamped goods..... 19c
 75c Stamped goods..... 25c
 \$1.00 Stamped goods..... 39c
 25c Linen Fringes only..... 5c
 25c Chenille Fringes..... 5c
 50c Belding's Embroidery, silks, dozen skeins..... 25c
 35c Knitting Skins—all colors..... 19c
 75c Japanese Draperies..... 25c
 \$2.00 Chenille Table covers..... 98c

Window Bargains

Buttermilk Soap..... 5c
 Nos. 5 to 12 all silk Ribbons..... 5c
 Silk Windsor Ties..... 5c

Hosiery.

SPECIAL FOR MONDAY.
 50 dozen full regular made Woolen Hose only..... 50c
 50 dozen better ones only..... 10c
 All other hose at half price.

Corsets.

\$1.00 saved on all P. D. Corsets.
 \$1.00 saved on all Her Majesty's Corsets.
 \$1.00 saved on all C. P. Corsets.
 Money—big money—saved you on Thompson's Glove Fitting and R. & G. Corsets.
 Special.—\$1.00 Black Corsets, Monday only..... 50c

Gloves.

150 pairs, \$1.50 and \$2.00.
 Kid Gloves, small sizes for 50c, other gloves at half prices.

Millinery

Trimmed hats worth up to \$6.00, for..... 50c
 Trimmed Hats worth up to \$10.00, for..... \$1.00
 Ribbons worth up to 35c for..... 10c
 Ribbons worth up to 75c for..... 19c

Grand closing sale. Remember, we will not be closed until we deserve your patronage? Try us.

77 Whitehall Street.

OLD STAND.

E. M. BASS & CO.

SALE

AT

PICKERT'S

Whitehall Street,

GOLD AND SILVER STOCKS

must be closed out before
 your Christmas Presents
 prices. Now is the time.

PICKERT,

Whitehall Street.

John Amster, L. L. D.; illustrated by Frank M. Gregory—\$2.50.
 "Memoirs of the Duchesse Gontaut," from the French, by Mrs. J. W. Davis—\$5.
 (For sale by F. J. Paxon, American Bibliographical Society.)

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
 "Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced," by William Henry Hyde.
 "The Woodland Spirit," by Burne Wilson.
 "Penrhyn's Pilgrimage," by Arthur Peterson, U. S. N.
 "American Song," by Arthur B. Simonds.
 "Iola, the Senator's Daughter," a story of ancient Rome, by Mansfield Lovell Hillhouse.
 "Songs from the Woods of Maine," by Julia H. May.
 "Five Thousand Words Often Misspelled," by William Henry Hyde.
 "Helen," by Oswald Valentine, Incognito Library.
 "History of the English Language," by Oliver Farrar Emerson—\$1.25.
 (For sale by J. F. Lester.)

From Macmillan & Co., New York.
 "Drama in Dutch," by Z. Z.
 "My New Home," by Mrs. Molesworth—\$1.
 "The Meaning of History," by Frederick Harrison.
 "Selections from the Poems of Aubrey De Vere," by George Edward Woodberry.
 "The Novels of Ivan Turgenev," seven volumes, volume 2 now ready—\$1.25 a vol.
 "More Memories," being thoughts about England spoken in America, by Dean Hole—25c.
 "Fidler Conklin and Other Stories," by Frank Harris—\$1.25.
 (For sale by J. F. Lester.)

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
 "The Odes of Horace," translated into English, by William E. Gladstone—\$1.50.
 "Life and Letters of Erasmus," lectures

delivered at Oxford 1854-4 by J. A. Froude—\$2.50.
 "William Shakespeare," by Barrett Wendell—\$1.75.
 "The Bird's Calendar," by H. E. Parkhurst—\$1.50.
 "Musicians and Music Lovers," by William Foster Andrews.
 "Three Score and Ten years: 1829 to 1899," recollections by W. J. Linton—\$2.
 "Life of Saint Francis of Assisi," by Paul Sabatier—\$2.50.
 (For sale by J. F. Lester.)

"The Indiscretion of the Duchess," being a story concerning two ladies, a nobleman and a necklace, by Anthony Hope.
 (From Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

"The Gospel of Buddha," Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York.
 "A Flash of Summer," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford—\$1.50.
 "The Patriot Schoolmaster," a tale of the minute men and the Sons of Liberty, by Elizabeth Butlerworth—\$1.50.
 "Madeline's Rescue," a story for boys and girls, by Jeanette Schütz—\$1.
 "Natchez," a sixteenth century narrative, by the Hon. Emily Lawless—\$1.50.
 "Schools and Masters of Sculpture," by A. G. Radcliffe.
 "At the Gate of Samaria," by William John Locke—90c.
 "Children of Circumstance," by Iota—50c.
 "Chris, the Model Maker," a story of New York, by William O. Stoddard—\$1.50.
 "City Government in the United States," by Alfred R. Conkling.
 (For sale by J. F. Lester.)

If the Baby is Cutoff Teeth.
 Endure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, cures the gums, allays all pain, cures colic and is the best remedy for wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Two or three drops a bottle.

356. ONE 356. S. RTON. L. I. 3.50 -10- 6.00 3.50 DOMESTIC Whitehall. OTHERS

THE CONSTITUTION.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Supplement to The
Atlanta Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1894.

LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER.

Copyrighted by Joel Chandler Harris, Author of "Uncle Remus."

Copyright, 1894, by Joel Chandler Harris.
PART I.—BUSTER JOHN ALARMS MR. RABBIT.

When Buster John and Sweetest Susan and Drusilla returned home after their first visit to Mr. Thimblefinger's queer country a curious thing happened. The children had made a bargain to say nothing about what they had seen and heard, but one day, when there was nobody else to hear what she had to say, Sweetest Susan concluded to tell her mother something about the visit she had made next door to the world. So she began and old about her Grandmother of Dolls and about Mr. Thimblefinger and all about her journey under the spring. Her mother paid no attention at first, but after awhile she became interested and listened intently to everything her little daughter said. Some-



And the Apple Was Seized and Appropriated

times she looked serious, sometimes she smiled and sometimes she laughed. Sweetest Susan couldn't remember everything, but she told enough to astonish her mother. "Darling, when did you dream such nonsense as that?" the lady asked. "Oh, it wasn't a dream mamma," cried Sweetest Susan. "I thought it was a dream at first, but it turned out to be no dream at all. Now, please don't ask brother about it and please don't ask Drusilla, for we promised one another to say nothing about it. I didn't intend to tell you, but I forgot and began to tell you before I thought."

A little while afterward Sweetest Susan's mother was telling her husband about the wonderful imagination of their little daughter and then the neighbors got hold of it, and some of the old ladies put their heads together over their teacups and said that it was a sign that Sweetest Susan was too smart to stay in this world very long.

One day while Drusilla was helping about the house Sweetest Susan's mother took occasion to ask her where she and the children went the day they failed to come to dinner.

"We wuz off gettin' plums, I speck," replied Drusilla.

"Why, there were no plums to get," said the lady.

"Well, 'm, ef 'twant plums hit must 'a been hick'y nuts," explained Drusilla.

"Hickory nuts were not ripe, stupid."

"Maybe dey want," said Drusilla, stolidly, "but dat don't hinder we chilluns from huntin' 'em."

"You know you didn't go after hickory nuts, Drusilla," the lady insisted. "Now I want you to tell me where you and the children went. I'll not be angry if you tell me, but if you don't—"

Drusilla could infer a good deal from the tone of the lady's voice, but she shook her head.

"Well, 'm," she said, "we went down dar by de spring, an' down dar by de spring branch an' all 'round down dar. Ef we war'n't huntin' plums ner hick'y nuts I done fergot what we wuz huntin'."

Drusilla seemed so much in earnest that the lady didn't push the inquiry, but when she went into another room for a moment the negro girl looked after her and remarked to herself:

"I done crossed my heart dat I wouldn't tell an' I ain't gwine ter. Ef I wuz ter tell she wouldn't b'lieve me, an' so dar 'tis."

Sweetest Susan was careful to say nothing to Buster John and Drusilla about the slip of the tongue that caused her to tell her mother about their adventure in Mr. Thimblefinger's queer country, but she didn't feel very comfortable when Drusilla told how she had been questioned by her mistress.

"Ef somebody ain't done 'gone an' tol' 'er," said Drusilla, "she got some mighty quare notions in 'er head."

Buster John, who had ideas of his own, ignored all this and said he was going to put an apple in the spring the next day and watch for Mr. Thimblefinger.

"Well, ef you gwine down dar any mo'," remarked Drusilla, "you kin des count me out, kaze I ain't gwine 'long wid you. I'm one er dese yer kind er quare folks what know pine blank when dey done got nuff. I been shaky ever since we went down in dat place what wan't no place."

"I will go," said Buster John.

"Huh! Don't fool yo'self, nigger! You can't put no 'tenence in a skeerd nigger."

"If you don't go you'll wish you had," said Buster John.

"How come?" said Drusilla.

"Wait and see," replied Buster John.

The next morning, bright and early, Buster John put an apple in the spring. He watched it float around for awhile, and then his attention was attracted by something else and he ran away to see about it. Whatever it was, it interested him so much that he forgot all about the apple in the spring and everything else likely to remind him of Mr. Thimblefinger's queer country.

Buster John went away from the spring and left the apple floating there. No sooner had he gone than one of the house servants chanced to come along, and the apple was seized and appropriated. The result was that neither Mr. Thimblefinger nor Mrs. Meadows saw the signal.

Buster John, thinking the apple had re-

mained in the spring for some hours, waited patiently for two or three days for Mr. Thimblefinger, but no Mr. Thimblefinger came. Finally the boy grew impatient, as youngsters sometimes do. He remembered that the bottom of the spring, with the daylight shining through, was the sky of Mr. Thimblefinger's queer country, and he concluded to give Mrs. Meadows and the rest a signal that they couldn't fail to see. So, one morning, after water had been carried to the house for the cook, and the washerwoman's tubs had been filled, Buster John got him some short planks, carrying them to the spring one by one. These he placed across the top of the gum, or curb, close together, so as to shut out the light. Then he perched himself on a stump not far away, and watched to see what the effect would be. He knew he had the sky of Mr. Thimblefinger's queer country securely roofed in, and he laughed to himself as he thought of the predicament Mr. Rabbit would be in, dropping his pipe and hunting for it in the dark.

Buster John sat there a long time. Mandy, the washerwoman, got through with her task and went toward the house, balancing a big basket of wet clothes on her head and singing as she went. Sweetest Susan and Drusilla had grown tired of playing with the dolls, and were hunting all over the place for Buster John. They saw him presently, and came running toward him, talking and laughing. He shook his head and motioned toward the spring. They became quiet at once, and began to walk on their tiptoes. They seated themselves on the stump by Buster John's side, and waited for him to explain himself.

Presently Sweetest Susan saw the boards over the spring. "Oh, what have you done?" she cried. "Why, you have shut out the light. They can't see a wink. I don't think that's right, do you, Drusilla?"

"Don't ax me, honey," replied Drusilla. "I ain't gwinter git in no 'spute. Somebody done gone an' put planks on de spring. Dar dey is, an' dar dey may stay, fer what I keer. I hope dey er nailed down."

"Please take the boards off," pleaded Sweetest Susan.

"No," said Buster John. "I put an apple in the spring the other day and they paid no attention to it. Maybe they'll pay some attention now."

Suddenly, before anybody else could say anything, Drusilla screamed and rolled off the stump. Buster John and Sweetest Susan thought a bee had stung her. But it

was not a bee. She had no sooner rolled from the stump than she sprang to her feet and cried out: "Da he is! Look at 'm!"

Buster John and Sweetest Susan turned to look, and there upon the stump beside them stood Mr. Thimblefinger with his hat in hand, bowing and smiling as politely as you please.

"I hope you are well," he said. Then he began to laugh as he turned to Buster John.

"You may think it is a great joke to come to the spring, but it's no joke to me. I have had a very hard time getting here, but I just had to come. Mrs. Meadows thinks there is a total eclipse going on, and Mr. Rabbit has gone to bed and covered up his head."

"How did you get here?" asked Buster John.

"Through the big poplar yonder," said Mr. Thimblefinger. "It is hollow from top to bottom, but it was so dark I could hardly find my way. The jay birds used to go down through the poplar every Friday until I put up the bars and shut them out. I had almost forgotten the road."

"Well," said Buster John, "I covered the spring so that you might know that we hadn't forgotten you. I dropped an apple in the other day, but you paid no attention to it."

"I saw the apple," remarked Mr. Thimblefinger, "but it didn't stay in the spring long. It disappeared in a few minutes."

"Aha! I know!" exclaimed Drusilla. "Dat ar Minervy nigger got it. I seed her coming 'long eatin' an apple, and I boun' you she de ve'y nigger what got it."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Thimblefinger. "It makes no difference now and if you'll get ready we'll go now pretty soon."

"Why, I thought you couldn't go down through the spring until nine minutes and nine seconds after 12," suggested Buster John.

"The water gets wet or goes dry with the tide," Mr. Thimblefinger explained. "To-day we shall have to go at nineteen minutes and nineteen seconds after 9. It was nine minutes and nine seconds after 12 before and now it is nineteen minutes and nineteen seconds after 9. Multiply nineteen by nineteen, add the answer together and you get nothing but nines. You see we have to go by a system." Mr. Thimblefinger was very solemn as he said this. "Now, then, come on. We haven't any time to waste. When the nines get after us we must be going. There are four of us now, but if we were to be multiplied by nine there would be nine of us and nine is an odd number."

"How would we be nine?" asked Buster John.

"It's very simple," replied Mr. Thimblefinger. "Nine times four are thirty-six. Three and six stand for thirty-six and six and three are nine."

Buster John laughed as he ran to remove the boards from the spring. In a few moments they were all ready, in spite of Drusilla's protests, and at nineteen minutes and nineteen seconds after 9 they walked through the spring gate into Mr. Thimblefinger's queer country.

(To be continued.)

Ulysses and the Cyclops.

Of all the Greek heroes that took part in the siege of Troy, no one was so wise, so prudent and so shrewd as Ulysses. In time of doubt, when great results seemed to hang upon the turn of a moment, it was the counsel of Ulysses that the leaders sought, for no one equealed him in expedients, no one could grasp the situation and quickly determine upon a course of action as he could.

You have heard of the queer experience that befell the Greek hero and his men on the island where the lotus-eaters lived. The lotus fruit had the strange quality of making every one that ate it forget all his former connections, his country, his family and his friends.

To the island where this flower grew the winds blew the ships of Ulysses, and some of his men, in spite of their leader's warning, ate freely of it. Straightway they forgot everything but the care-free intoxication that followed, and stubbornly refused to go back to their ships when Ulysses ordered sails to be set.

Persuasion had no effect whatever, and finally they had to be carried to the ships by force where the influence of the lotus flowers soon left them. Then the good ships plowed their way through the blue sea, the weary voyagers vainly hoping soon to reach their native land of Ithaca.

But the fates were not yet done with them. Adverse winds wafted them to the island of Lachaea, where they saw wild goats wandering about the thickets and over the green plains, and leaping from crag to crag of the hills. It was a strange land, but Ulysses brought his ships to anchor in the hope of obtaining for his men a supply of goats' flesh and milk, a luxury that they had been without for many days.

It was on this island that the hero had the strange adventure that I want to tell you about, an adventure that reads like a chapter from a book of fairy tales.

He and his men landed, and, having slain a number of the goats, they had a great

feast, washing down the savory meat with copious draughts of fresh milk. Then they fell asleep, finding in peace and restfulness the rest they so much needed.

They all awoke during the afternoon, and many were their conjectures about a place where no human being was to be seen, only wild goats and the fields and thickets through which they roamed at will.

Finally Ulysses determined to explore a part of the island, at least, in the hope of making interesting discoveries. He made a good many, as you will see.

With some of his men he set out toward the interior of the island, leaving the others to guard the ships, which were riding at anchor in the little bay. He had not gone very far when he came across a great cave almost hidden by laurel trees. All about the entrance were scores of sheep and goats, lying at rest in the shade. At some distance off was a huge man, who seemed to be the shepherd of the flock.

This gigantic shepherd was no other than a terrible Cyclops, named Polyphemus, who evidently lived in the cave. The Cyclops, you know, were great giants, many times larger than a man, whose ugly faces were made even uglier and more terrible by having only one eye, and that was in the center of the forehead.

Ulysses was the first to see the giant, and he at once cautioned his men to be careful and keep out of sight. But the presence of the shepherd was not to prevent him from getting some of the milk and cheeses that he knew must be in the cave, and he led them very cautiously and quietly, under shelter of the trees, to the entrance.

In the cave they found milk pails, cheeses, milk and many sheep and young lambs, and having made another good meal, they would have gone off, carrying with them some of the sheep, but Ulysses advised his followers to wait till the owner of the cave came back, as he was anxious to see him. He did not doubt that they would have strength enough to overcome the giant, if it should become necessary.

But even a prudent man may sometimes be overconfident, and it proved to be so in this case. The giant returned after awhile, and one glance at his gigantic body and into his terrible eye, convinced Ulysses that if he and his people escaped it would be by strategy, and not by mere force.

As the Cyclops entered he threw down a great bundle of wood that he was carrying, which made a noise like the thunder that Jove was in the habit of hurling from the top of Mount Olympus. This filled the Greeks with terror and they bitterly re-

gretted that they had awaited the coming of the Cyclops.

But they were thrown into a frenzy of consternation when, after calling all his sheep and goats into the cave, the giant rolled against the entrance a great stone that their combined strength could not have moved. There they were, completely at the mercy of the Cyclops, like so many rats in a box.

Up to this time the giant had not seen his strange visitors, but now, having milked his goats and thrown some wood upon the fire, a bright blaze sprang up, by the light of which he saw Ulysses and his men. His surprise was very great, but his rage was terrible.

"Who are you?" he cried in a voice like the roar of the sea in a tempest, "and what are you doing in my home?"

The Greeks, brave men all, who had fought gallantly against the Trojans, were now trembling with fear, and for a moment they could not make their tongues speak a word. At last Ulysses pulled himself together, so to speak, and told the Cyclops that they were Greeks returning from the conquest of Troy, but that now they were not conquerors—they were suppliants for his hospitality and shelter.

You would think that an answer like this might have been kindly received, but for some reason it enraged the giant beyond endurance, and jumping up he seized two of the Greeks and dashed out their brains against the rocky sides of the cave. Then, laughing with ghouliah glee, he devoured the two bodies, washing them down with an enormous pailful of milk.

Soon afterward the giant went to sleep, and Ulysses made ready to cut off his head with his sword. But the wisdom and prudence that he was famous for came to his aid and deterred him from the act. If he killed the giant who would roll away the stone that blocked the only means of escape from the cave? So he counseled his men to be quiet and patient and he would find another way of delivering them.

All night they remained awake watching the Cyclops, but they made no movement against him. When the dawn began to peep into the cracks of the cave the giant awoke, and having killed two more of the Greeks he ate them up in his breakfast, and then, driving his sheep and his goats from the cave, he went out, being careful to roll the great stone back against the entrance.

Ulysses and his men were shut up as in a tomb, and nothing could be done until the giant returned.

Yes, something could be done, too! The giant had left behind him a great log of wood that he used as a club, and this the Greeks proceeded to sharpen at one end. When it had been made quite sharp they hid it, intending, as you may have guessed, to drive it into the giant's one terrible eye that night while he slept. When they had blinded him they might find a way of escape.

As evening was falling the Cyclops came back, and, rolling away the stone, he drove his flock into the cave and then came in himself, being careful, as before, to roll the stone again before the mouth of the cave.

It happened that Ulysses had brought with him a skin of very strong wine, and he resolved to use that in carrying out his designs against the giant. Summoning up courage, he advanced to where the monster sat and offered him a large bowlful of the wine.

It was accepted, of course, and when the giant had drunk it he called for more. Ulysses told him he would give him as much as he wanted if he would allow him and his men to depart, but the giant answered that only by asking what his name was.

"My name is Noman," said Ulysses.

"Then," rejoined the giant, "I will make this promise to the giver of good wine like this—Noman shall be the last one of this party that I will eat."

And then, laughing at what he thought was a good joke, the Cyclops called for more wine. Quite eagerly did Ulysses supply it, for it was his purpose to throw upon the giant the deep sleep of drunkenness.

In a few minutes the strong liquor had its usual effect, even upon so gigantic a being as the Cyclops, and the great head dropped, the one eye closed and the monstrous body fell over on its back—the giant was sound asleep!

Then the Greeks took up the sharp-pointed stick and rammed it deep down into the terrible eye, turning and twisting it as a carpenter turns and twists his gimlet.

The snoring of the Cyclops then straightway turned to the most deafening roars of pain, and leaping to his feet, he tore the stick from his eye and rushed to the entrance of the cave. Rolling back the stone, he called loudly for help.

A score of Cyclops came running in answer to his call.

"What is it, Polyphemus?" they cried.

"Noman has tortured me, Noman has killed me!" answered the suffering giant.

"Then," said his friends, "it must have been one of the gods if no man did it, and we will not interfere."

So speaking the other Cyclops turned and left him.

Meanwhile, the crafty Ulysses had not been idle. He knew that the giant would stand guard at the mouth of the cave to prevent the escape of his men and himself, and that they could not hope to get by those long arms except by going in a way that the Cyclops would not suspect. Always ready for an emergency, he conceived a plan and at once began to put it in execution.

With bands of osier he tied three rams together abreast and bound one of his men under the middle ram. This he did with each of his men, reserving for his own use the biggest ram, the leader of the flock.

Having hastily completed the work, he drove the rams out of the cave and then went out himself, clinging to the wool under the body of the big leader. The Cyclops passed his great hand over the back of each ram as it left the cave, but the Greeks were not discovered.

And thus it was that Ulysses escaped from one of the greatest dangers that beset him during his ten years of wandering.

On the Safe Side.

Mr. Emilson-Willie, didn't you go to the trunkmaker's yesterday and tell him to send round the trunk I ordered?

Willie—Yes, sir.

Mr. Emilson—Well, here is the trunk, but no strap. Didn't he say anything about the strap?

Willie—Yes, sir, but I told him I thought you hadn't better have any strap.



"Dar He Is"

SCHOOL NOTES.

Ivy Street School.

The Junior is represented at Ivy Street school by Master Willie Larned, one of the brightest boys in school. Master Willie is an author and an artist. He is the young man who wrote and illustrated "The Catavala," the serial story that appeared in The Junior sometime ago. Although he is only thirteen years old, he has shown remarkable talent for drawing and painting. His latest successes have been several water color paintings, which are indeed remarkable for such a young boy.

Calhoun Street School.

Master Jay Youngblood, The Junior's representative at Calhoun Street school, is one of the brightest boys in that school, standing among the first in his class. His general average is 97.6. Master Jay will be remembered as the young man who won The Junior's prize, offered for the best story on an American hero. He selected Sergeant Jasper as his hero, and his story was the best of about

Davis Street School.

The following children received the highest averages for the month of November: Sixth grade, Lizzie Spear, 97.4; fifth grade, Estelle Spear and Minnie Butler, 96.8; fourth grade, Lilla Miller, 97.4; third grade, Delphia Brooks, 98; second grade, Birdie Hill, 98.4. The sixth grade has not had an absence or tardiness this term. M. W.

West End School.

A very interesting meeting was held Friday, November 18th, by the W. F. S. Society. We selected our recitations for this meeting from Dr. O. W. Holmes's works. The fund for the children's ward of the Grady hospital has been receiving special attention in the last few weeks by the West End school; a very successful brownie and fairy show was given on November 2nd. We hope to raise at least \$100 for this worthy cause. P. S.

Fraser Street School.

The first honor pupils of Fraser Street school for the month of November are: First grade, Annie Stockton, 98.8; second grade, Beulah Frank, 97.2; third grade, Willie Hughes, 98.5; fourth grade, Ethel Pfeiffer, 96.5; fifth grade, Julia Laird, 97; sixth grade, Daisy Van der Leith, 98.7; seventh grade, Nannie Catching, 98.1. The children of this school spent an enjoyable Thanksgiving. There were several nice little entertainments in the different grades on Friday. A. M.

The Junior Debating Club.

Master Paul Dixon, who is the president of the Junior Debating Club, has held that desirable office for the last four weeks. His decisions are fair and just and shows preference to neither side. Master Paul will some day be called upon to preside over a larger assembly and he will be able to comply with perfect ease. The subject for debate at the meeting held Tuesday night was: "Resolved, That Sunday School Attendance by Boys Should Be Compulsory." The boys on the affirmative were Jay Youngblood and Willie Davidson, while those on the negative were Will Moss and Irving Dickey. After good discussions by each the decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative. The next subject for debate will be: "Resolved, That Boys Should Not Sell Newspapers." Come and hear the boys debate. Visitors are welcome. Meetings take place every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock at the Church of Our Father on Church street. Jay Youngblood.

Master Edward Broomhead, the studious and attentive little son of Mr. and Mrs. Broomhead, achieved the highest average of his grade in Miss McKinley's school for the last two months.

He is a bright-eyed, noble little man, brave, courteous and gentle. Edward is much loved by his classmates and teacher, and some day he will be a man that Georgia will be proud to call her own.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Mr. Allan J. Bell, senior class, was appointed by the building committee to make an address at the laying of the corner stone of the new Boys' High school. Mr. Bell was at his best and delivered a fine speech. The usual holiday exercises of the Alci-phronian Literary and Debating Society will occur on the third Friday in December at Browning hall. The society unanimously decided to invite the young ladies of the high school, whose presence is always a source of encouragement to the debaters. The young ladies of Manchester, Agnes Scott, and Capital Female college were also invited to be present. The occasion promises to be an enjoyable one. Athletics should be abolished, was perhaps the most spirited contest since the opening of the school in September. Books for the library will be purchased this week. Any one desiring to contribute to the fund can send books or cash to P. C. Meyer, the treasurer. The pupils will feel grateful to any one who will help the cause.

The senior class, second grade A and first grade A each made 100 in attendance this week. The senior class still leads. The average per week during the last three months is 99.34.

There will probably be a game of football between members of the school some time during the week. Brisbane park will be the meeting place and a good game is anticipated. The senior class team will play a team selected from other members of the school.

On account of the champion debate and the school affairs, The Junior contests have been overlooked for the past few weeks. On next Friday, however, there will be a declamation contest between the two sections of the first grade and the best speaker will be entitled to the usual reward of merit, namely, recognition in The Junior, together with his picture being printed as the best declaimer. W. C. E.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

Crescents vs. Stars.

Score 0 to 0.

A large crowd witnessed the game of football between the North Side Crescents and the Forsyth Street Stars.

The North Side Crescents are a new team, having been organized only one week. The boys range between the ages of thirteen and sixteen years. The exact average weight of each man is ninety-nine pounds.

The Forsyth Street Stars are a team that has had several encounters on the gridiron. They have been organized for three months. The average weight of each man is 118 pounds, as they estimate it.

The game was to be called at 9 o'clock, but on account of the North Side Crescents being delayed by missing a car the game commenced at 9:30 o'clock.

First Half.

The toss was won by the North Side Crescents, who took the south goal. Marks kicked off, ball caught by Richmond, who advanced within four yards of center line. Crescents' ball, is passed to Richmond, who trills right end for two yards, bucked center and lost two yards, tried left end for one yard, ball goes over on fourth down; ball passed to Marks, who goes through center for three yards. Eichberg tries left end; no gain; Marks goes through center for two yards. Eichberg tries left end; loses two yards on first down; ball goes over on fourth down. Harris tries left end, but fails to gain. Richmond tries center for one yard. McCormick goes around right



NORTH SIDE CRESCENTS.

end for two yards; ball goes over. Marks tries right end for six yards and is downed by Richmond. Eichberg loses two yards. Marks goes around left end for five yards, is tackled by Moore and Harris; ball within ten feet of Stars' goal; ball goes over on four downs. It is passed to Harris to punt to goal advantage. The Stars lose the ball on four downs. Crescents fall to make five yards and lose the ball on fourth down. Stars advance ball eight yards in four downs. Time is called and first half is over.

Second Half.

Harris leads off with kick to Stars' goal, who brought the ball out fifteen yards. Eichberg goes around left end for fifteen yards; he is downed by Richmond; ball is in three yards of Stars' goal on the first down. The Crescents with great presence of mind hold them down. Marks tries center twice, but fails to gain. Eichberg tries left end but fails to gain; ball goes over on fourth down. Anderson, who played center in first half, exchanged with McCormick, left half back, went around left end for twenty-five yards and had a clear field with the exception of the onlookers, who flocked his way. He was tackled by Eichberg; ball is near center line, and is exchanged backward and forward between the teams, neither being able to gain anything. The ball is kept in this way ten minutes when game is called. Score, 0 to 0.

A number of gentlemen who were on the field expressed their opinions that it was the best game they had ever seen. Considering the weight of the Forsyth Street Stars, the Crescents were pronounced as a team that could not be beaten at its weight.

The Forsyth Street Stars were heavier by nineteen pounds to each player, and ought to have been able to run away with the Crescents, but every man on the north side team went in the game as if his soul depended on it. While they were not able to get away from the Stars they determined not to let them get away, and succeeded.

There is the making of a great player out of Richmond, the full back of the Crescents. This was his first game and his playing was faultless.

The following is the line up of the teams: Crescents—Anderson, center; Moore, right guard; R. Harris, right tackle; Respass, right end; Adams, left guard; Konklin, left tackle; Daniel, left end; L. Harris right half back; McCormick, left half back; Richmond, full back; Smith, quarter back.

Stars—Nipper, center; Lafet, right guard; Crawford, right tackle; Helms, right end; Weisberg, left guard; Leibman, left tackle; Kaufmann, left end; Eichberg, right half back; Sellig, left half back; Marks, full back; Hirsch, quarter back.

In the first of the second half the game was delayed fifteen minutes on account of Adams being hurt. Whitlock was put in his place.

Without doubt it was the greatest boys' game ever played in Atlanta.

The Boulevard Team.

The boys in the Boulevard school have organized a football team and practice every evening on the corner of Auburn avenue and Jackson street. They have challenged the North Side Crescents to play at an early date. As yet they have not received an answer to the challenge. The average weight of the team is one hundred and twelve pounds. The average weight of the Crescents' team is ninety-six pounds.

The Boulevard team is composed of the old Boulevard Stars, with one or two exceptions.

The North Side Euchre Club.

The Girls' Euchre Club, of the north side, met Friday at the residence of Miss Lucy Newman. The prizes given are always lovely, and envy as well as congratulations are given to the lucky winner.

M. D.

The Fortnightly Club.

There will be a meeting of the Fortnightly Club at the Church of Our Father, on Church street, Thursday night, December

5th. A delightful programme has been arranged and all those who attend will enjoy a delightful evening. Light refreshments will be served. L. H.

A Boy Ought to Be an Athlete.

From Munsey's Monthly.

There is always a great deal of discussion upon this question, but the fact remains that the athletes in colleges have a finer record as students than the other men average. This is one of the things which experience has proven. When the new University of Chicago was founded, it was intended to contain the very safest and soundest pathway to fine American manhood and womanhood. The very first man put on the faculty was Mr. Stagg, the professor of athletics. A man cannot receive a full degree at that university, unless he has taken the course in physical culture. They believe out there that the brain is a part of the body, and that the same nerves and blood run through it, as the rest of the body, and that when you have a sound body and sound brain, you are apt to have a healthy mind.

A man isn't half a man who has not courage, and who has not his muscles so trained that his body is at home everywhere, is ready for every emergency. He must learn to swim, because he not only misses a rare and exhilarating sport otherwise, but because he never knows when the lives of others as well as his own may depend upon the knowledge. He must learn to throw straight, to shoot, because steady nerves and steady eyes are valuable every hour of the day.

And he must not neglect the softer parts of athletics. He must learn to dance. To learn to make alert, graceful movements in time to music is a beautiful art. Best of all, with all these things comes a sense of power. The boy becomes acquainted with his own body, and learns how to manage it. Instead of his being awkward and shy, "not knowing what to do with his hands," his



Photographed by Lenny.

body has been trained until it is an obedient and ready servant. It is graceful and easy instinctively. He does not have to give it a second thought.

It is not pleasant to dine with a man whose servants are uncouth and clumsy, however entertaining he himself may be; nor is it pleasant to associate with a man whose body is untrained and awkward. He must be very clever to make you forget it even for a little while.

Adventure with a Bear.

A certain old sailor, whose ship lately returned from an Arctic voyage, says he has had enough of that icy region, and will not go there any more. It isn't that he objects to the snow and ice and the cold, but to the extraordinary familiarity of the polar bears.

He tells the following queer story of an experience of his. One night he was on watch aloft. There was not much night about it, either, for in that part of the world, you know, the sun is sometimes only a short distance below the horizon in the so-called night time, and the darkness is only a sort of twilight.

Ben—the old sailor—says he could see things around him quite plainly, but the light was of a queer, ghostly kind that would naturally make a man feel sort of "creepy." And it was so quiet that the stillness was oppressive; in fact, the conditions all predisposed the watcher to an exaggerated view of anything that might happen.

Suddenly, without warning, a big white object made its appearance, climbing right up the mast. Ben knew that it was a polar bear, and that it had approached the ship over the great field of ice that extended all around it.

Here was a nice state of things. The bear had evidently scented the man, and was making straight for him. Meanwhile, what was the man going to do about it? He started to get out under the canvas, but the bear, at the moment, came through the lubber-hole and began clawing at his legs.

Ben called to the watch down on deck, but the watch did not hear him; at any rate, they did not answer. And when he called, the bear growled. Every time he moved to get farther away, the bear growled, too, and Ben says he had about given himself up as a "goner," when he happened to spy a rope dangling down to the deck just back of the cradle.

He managed to reach out and seize the rope, but as he did so the bear grabbed his foot. And there he was between two deaths, apparently, for the bear threatened him on one side, and on the other was the danger of being thrown to the deck.

A few vigorous kicks, given with all the energy of a man battling for his life, freed his foot, however, and swinging himself out, he caught a stay and descended to the deck.

Then he looked up. The rope was swinging back and forth near the cradle and he saw the bear growling. Evidently it intended to get down as the man had, but it missed its hold and came down to the deck with a thump that closed the exciting incident.

Ben and his comrades had bearsteak for breakfast, but he prefers getting his supplies nearer home in future.

A Little Girl's Piece.

My brother Will, he used to be
The nicest kind of girl;
He wore a little dress like me,
And had his hair in curl.
We played with dolls and tea set then,
And every kind of toy;
But all those good old times are gone—
Will turned into a boy.

Mamma has made him little suits,
With pockets in the pants,
And cut off all his yellow curls
And sent them to my aunt's;
And Will, he was so pleased, I believe
He almost jumped for joy;
But I must own I didn't like
Will turned into a boy.

And now he plays with horrid tops
I don't know how to spin,
And marbles that I try to shoot,
But never hit nor win;
And keep frog—I can't give a "back"
Like Harry, Frank or Roy—
Oh, no one knows how but I feel
Since Will has turned a boy!

I have to wear frocks just the same,
And now they're mostly white;
I have to sit and "put be good,"
While Will can climb and fight.
But I must keep my dresses nice,
And wear my hair in curl,
And worst—oh! worst thing of all—
I have to stay a girl!

GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

Washington Seminary.

The following interesting sketch of school life at Washington seminary comes from Miss Rebecca Raoul, daughter of Colonel W. G. Raoul:

"Last week the reports were distinguished, creating a little excitement, some disappointment and some surprise.

"At the recess following, knots of girls could be seen standing about with white papers in hand, carefully comparing the grade. It is rather uncertain as to who held the highest standing last term, but the youngest girls seem rather to have carried off the palm. Among the seniors Miss Pascal, Miss Harrison and Miss Smith obtained several excellents, as a reward for good work. The literature is made very interesting by Mrs. Chandler, who has a way of telling little anecdotes of the lives and works of famous authors, fixing events in the memory and making the hour pass pleasantly at the same time. Then, too, there is the rhetoric. While learning about the men's lives and their books from Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Scott points out their peculiarities of style and diction.

"The Friday following Thanksgiving there was a recital given in the hall of Washington seminary in which the young ladies displayed their talents and ability in music, vocal and instrumental, and elocution.

"Naturally the girls are inclined to be mischievous, and at times Mrs. Chandler finds it necessary to check them by a word or two, or perhaps a demerit. Well, more than one is dropped down in their midst. This is especially the case in one far corner of the room.

"Miss Smedly, who is in the study hall at two or three periods during the day, seems to understand the feelings of the girls, for she is neither too strict nor too lenient. For instance, when there is only a small misdemeanor she kindly doesn't see it, and they have full permission to whisper softly about a lesson, and are rather afraid to go farther.

"On the whole, school life is enjoyed very much at Washington seminary."

Miss McKinley's School.

Miss Bob Ridley Venable, the charming little daughter of Senator and Mrs. Venable, enjoys the distinction of being the first honor pupil in the sixth grade of Miss McKinley's select school.

Miss Venable is an exceedingly bright and interesting young lady, who inherits a fine appreciation of literature, and as she now loves study, will doubtless continue to be the honor pupil of her successive classes.

Capital Female College.

Miss Carrie Smith, of the Capital Female college, writes of the last event which enabled its pupils to spend a pleasant afternoon:

The Aurora Leigh Society met as usual on Friday. William Cullen Bryant was the poet selected to be discussed. All of the members present responded to the roll call with quotations from the poet. The programme was very entertaining.

Miss Taylor, the president of the society, always gives a great deal of attention to the arrangement of the programmes and each one is filled with the brightest and most intellectual selections of the author discussed. Just before the adjournment the Tennysonians and Rosebuds surprised the Aurora Leigh Society with an elocutionary entertainment. They had been trained by Professor Lumpkin, so, of course, it was a great success.

The school was delighted to welcome on Monday morning Misses Frances Briscoe, Gussie Schiretzki and Harry Bruce.

Southern Baptist College.

Several of the piano class of the Southern Baptist Female college gave a delightful recital in the chapel Tuesday. A nice audience was present and enjoyed the efforts of the young lady students.

A number of the instruments for the college orchestra have been received and the pupils have begun practicing.

Last Saturday morning the young ladies were received by Mrs. Governor Atkinson at the executive mansion, after which they visited the capitol, where they were introduced to Governor Atkinson and several of the executive officers. They also visited the legislative hall, which was in session.

A holiday on Thanksgiving Day, with an elegant turkey dinner, was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The Atlanta and West Point railroad is erecting a new waiting room in front of the school for the benefit of the scholars.

Lucie Stanton.

Miss Hanna's School.

The week at Miss Hanna's was a short but pleasant one. Instead of breaking it by the Thanksgiving holiday, they gave holiday Friday and Saturday and the school is dismissed until December 2d.

Two large chrysanthemums were presented to Miss Hanna and Miss Hilderby to show the appreciation of the classes for the additional holiday.

The counters at the numerous dry goods stores are crowded with bric-a-bracs of every description. Already the young people are buying up their Christmas presents. A number of useful presents have been purchased, among these picture frames of all descriptions. A pretty picture frame for a water color is made of white linen embroidered with sprays of maiden hair ferns or some dainty flower. The frame itself is plain and can be made to order at any picture dealers.

For the girl who does china painting scores of cups and saucers for bonbon boxes, pin trays and candle sticks are to be had for a low sum.

The paper bazaar is to be opened on the 10th and every one who is fond of tissue paper knickknacks will find much to gratify their taste. Little girls will have a hard time choosing a paper doll, there will be so many. Dolls in ball dresses of crepe tissue and school girl dolls in dresses that look exactly like French gingham.

Mabel Drake.

Sunny Side School.

The kindergarten department of the Sunnyside school gave a delightful little entertainment to the patrons of the school a few days ago. There were numerous little sand maps, gardens and flower yards. Delightful refreshments were served to the patrons and children. The pleasant evening passed off rapidly.

The little people of this department progress rapidly under the direction of Miss Allen.

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Sent Free, as a Supplement, to the Readers of the Daily Constitution.

All Letters and Communications Intended for this Issue Must be Addressed to The Constitution, Jr.

A New Story by Rudyard Kipling.

"The Jungle Stories," by Rudyard Kipling have already been given, by many people, a place with the classic stories of Hans Christian Andersen, Grimm and the fables of Aesop. The Jungle book, containing the first collection of these stories, has had an extraordinary sale, although it was only recently published. In it Kipling has duplicated the success of his early Indian stories.

The New Story

tells how Mowgli, the boy who was brought up in the jungle with the animals and knows their language and lore, returned to his old home in the forest after trying to live among men; how, with the help of the black panther and the gray wolves, he rescued from death by stoning the man and woman who had been kind to him; and how, under his direction, the elephant avenged the injury done to his friends, Messua and her husband, by their fellow villagers.

Fourteen Pictures by Dan Beard accompany the story, and form a splendid series of illustrations.

The story, which is entitled "Letting in the Jungle," is complete in six chapters, and will be published in The Junior in three weekly parts, beginning December 9th.

A Gallant Boy.

In the summer of the year 1346 Edward III crossed the English channel with 30,000 men to invade France. At Crecy, not far from the Seine, he was met on the 26th of August by King Philip with 130,000 men. The English army was formed in three lines and occupied a small eminence. After the soldiers had been conferred, Edward rode up and down the ranks bidding each man to fight for St. George and the dragon and "so sweetly and with so good countenance and merry cheer did he speak, that all took courage on hearing him."

While the French were coming on in great disorder, there was a total eclipse of the sun, accompanied by a terrible storm, after which the sun came out brightly, shining directly in the faces of the French, but on the backs of the English. The first charge was made by 15,000 Genoese bowmen, who came forward with a shout as though to scare the English. The latter, who had been ordered to lie flat on the earth, now arose, stepped forward a pace, and let go their arrows so fast that they seemed like blinding snow. The Genoese fled and the French king ordered them to be cut down, so that they would not hinder the rest of the army. In the meantime Edward, the Prince of Wales, who was in command of one division, was surrounded by French knights, who, recognizing his rank, determined to capture or kill him. A message was sent to the king telling him that the prince was hard pressed. "Is my son dead or hurt or on the earth felled?" he asked. "No, sir," was the reply. "Well, then," said the king, "return to them that sent you, and tell them to send no more to me as long as my son is alive. I command them to suffer the child to win his spurs, for this day should be his." The young prince was indeed in great danger. At one time he was unhorsed and struck to the ground, but one of his loving Welsh knights who carried the great dragon standard threw it over him as he lay and stood upon it till the enemy was forced back.

Soon as the tide of battle had turned for the English, Edward came down from a high hill overlooking the field and took his son in his arms and kissed him. "You are my true son," he said. "Right loyally have you acquitted yourself and shown yourself to be a sovereign." Young Edward on this occasion wore a suit of black armor, which contrasted with his crimson and gold surcoat and the brilliantly fair complexion of his round, boyish face that he was called from that time the black prince. A. S.

A Young Trapper.

A boy down in Tennessee had a strange and not altogether pleasant adventure a few days ago. He is the son of a backwoodsman, a brave, hardy young fellow, used to hunting big game and not a bit afraid of it, either. Although he is only fifteen years old he has made a fine record as a trapper and slayer of wild animals.

It seems that he had found the lair of two bears in the woods, and fancying that it would be a capital plan to capture the bears and sell them to a menagerie he set about carrying the plan into execution.

Taking his gun and a good stout rope he sallied forth in search of the brutes. The gun was to be used in case it became absolutely necessary, but not otherwise, for it was the capture of the bears, and not the killing of them, on which he was intent.

He reached the lair in good shape, and actually succeeded in getting the rope around the female, which he found alone in her retreat, but she became so dangerously obstreperous that he was forced to shoot her.

This done, he climbed a nearby tree and awaited the arrival of the male. That important member of the family came in a little while, and the boy, by a skillful movement, threw the rope over its head. Before he could draw it taut, however, the bear got it worked down over its shoulders, and then began a regular war dance in its struggles to escape.

Now, unfortunately for the young animal trapper, he had tied the rope around his waist as a precaution against the danger of dropping it when he climbed the tree.

That thoughtless act proved the poor boy's undoing, for as soon as the bear felt the tightening of the rope around its shoulders, it began a war dance, as I have told you, and it didn't take many rounds of that dance to bring the boy from the tree to the ground.

As a matter of fact, the tables were completely turned, and the trapper was trapped. The bear, being demoralized and terrified within an inch of its life, by so unusual a state of things, tore off through the woods as fast as its legs could carry it.

And the worst of it was that the boy was still tied to the other end of the rope. He was dragged over the ground in so fearful a fashion that he was battered and bruised nearly to death, and if the bear, in its fright, had not run across the path of two men who happened to be in that part of the woods, there would have been a funeral at that boy's house, if enough of him had been left to bury.

He is now laid up for repairs, and has concluded to leave the supply of menagerie stock to the renowned Hagenbeck.

OUR YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

This department is devoted to stories, letters, essays, and sketches from our young readers. We are always glad to receive contributions from the boys and girls for this department, which will be used to promote their skill in composition.

All manuscript must be written plainly on one side of the sheet only.

A Child Author.

A little over a year ago I was a guest of an honorable friend at his home in Talladega, Ala. We were discussing books and letters generally, when his little daughter, not yet seven, and whom I was then fondling as a delightful, precocious and imaginative pet, suddenly put her arms about my neck, and looking me spryly in the face, said, in an expression of sweet seriousness and determination:

"And I, too, am going to be an author some day. I am going to write books."

The child was then just tall enough, without my stooping, to embrace my neck with her fair, chubby, bare arms, as she stood where I was sitting in an easy arm chair. There was something in her tone and emphasis which caused me to remember



CELIA P. R. BOSWELL.

her forcefully her words, for they were strange to me. They came with such earnestness and such child-like candor that I could not resist the wish that I might live to see her famous as a writer; and I looked half curiously into her round, baby face, with its already intellectual expression, not dreaming that there was an early maturing prophecy in the language.

Little did I think that in less than one year from that evening the little lass would suddenly appear in the world of authors as a writer of a strong and remarkably composed novel of some 200 pages.

For a child not yet nine years of age—one who has not been specially trained in education—one who had never before attempted the writing of a letter even, much less a written literary composition on any subject—one who is unable to even spell correctly words of more than one syllable—one who has never been outside the precincts of a country village—for such a child to sit down on the floor and, while playing with dolls and with other babies, compose steadily and continuously in one thought and at the same time dictate day after day to an amanuensis, during a period of two months, a connected story with an interesting plot, giving the adventures of a little girl in far-away England and Scotland, using all the while strong, womanly speech, never making a break nor stop in the recital, except in unavoidable interruptions, after which she would resume the dictation with renewed energy and interest—to find all this true is to believe that behind it there is the power of inspiration—the touch and force of the supernatural.

But did a child really do this? Doubtless a thousand will ask. Let say, yes, say no. It moreover without the aid or suggestion of any one; she even refused to permit the amanuensis to change a single word, or the structure of a single sentence. Everything in the book is the precise record of her own dictation—word for word—thought for thought—line for line. She ignored and repudiated all suggestions looking to improvement, where there were faulty expressions, improper words, weak sentences, or obscure ideas. Some of the words used are of her own coinage.

"Everything must be mine," she said; hence the title suggested, "My Book." Even the unique preface referring to Alfred Tennyson is hers in its childlike simplicity. The dedication tells of her grateful love for the aunt who bore so patiently and faithfully the long labor of recording her thoughts.

Here is a brief history of the child author, Celia Boswell. She is the oldest child of Dr. H. R. Boswell and wife, Celia Parsons Boswell, of Talladega, Ala. She was born July 16, 1884. She inherits some noble historic blood; that of Jonathan Edwards, of New England, is in her veins. Her grandfather on her mother's side, is the venerable, Lewis E. Parsons, a finished scholar, an eminent lawyer, once governor of Alabama. The Boswells are of Scotch descent. Grandmother Boswell has been the constant companion of the child from her birth; and she has not only read to her the thrilling story of the Scottish chiefs and other historic tales, but she has narrated to her much of the English and Scottish history; hence the apparent familiarity of the child with places and events of the countries referred to in her novel. She has a memory which absorbs and holds every thing it touches. And yet she never repeats the exact thoughts of others.

The plot of the story is quite strong and intricate. That there are weak points and passages in it we must expect.

The most unique compliment that I can pay the work is that contained in the language of another little child who read the story eagerly through, and then, in answer to my inquiry how she liked it, replied: "This book makes my flesh creep and tingle to think of the strange things which the child has written." M. V. MOORE.

"My Book," by Celia P. R. Boswell, at the age of eight years. Gospel Advocate Publishing Company, Nashville, Tenn., 1886. The book is illustrated with engravings of the child as she sits reading, and also as she sits on the floor amusing her baby sister, and at the same time dictating the story. It may be well to add that the book is not on sale by the publishers, nor at any of the bookstores of the country. It was printed merely for private circulation among the friends of the child's parents. This article must not, therefore, be construed as an advertising ruse.

Wilson's Home Run.

The Walton academy baseball team and the Maplewood team had crossed bats twice and stood one to one with one more game to decide which should get the Walton-Maplewood cup. The cup was of solid silver and had been purchased by the faculties of the two schools the year before, and was now in the possession of the Waltonites, they having won it that term. But now it was hard to determine which would get it this year, as it was a tie between them and the last game of the season to be played the next day. Both teams had

practiced every day for two weeks and were in excellent trim for the deciding game, and each team went to bed that night determined to get that cup. At noon the next day the Maplewooders climbed in the big omnibus and were off for the grounds.

When they arrived the Waltonites were on the grounds practicing, but quit when we arrived. We practiced a while and the going rang for us to come in. All took a ten-minute rest and then the umpire rang the gong.

We won the toss and took the field. Lee Taylor, our pitcher, a short, heavy-built fellow, eyed the first man and saw he worked his bat waist high. He held the bat up over his head an instant, and back and forward his arm flew and over the plate the ball went, just at the fellow's shoulders. He struck at it but missed. Another strike and then he hit a foul which I caught.

The next man up flew out in center, and the next was felled out at first. Taylor up. Struck out. Griggs up. Flew out to left. Garner up; put out at first. An exciting game then ensued. Each team had men on bases but never scored until the ninth.

The Waltonites came to the bat in their half of the ninth. First man struck out. Second man went to first on four balls. Third man hit a hot grounder which was fumbled. Two men on bases and one out. Fourth man up hit to short, who felled to first, but let the man on second

and. Two outs and two men on bases. Would they score? The man at the bat hit to short, who fumbled and the man on third came in. Cheers rent the air until you could not hear yourself think. They still had two men on bases and two outs. But the next man struck out and we changed sides. Taylor struck out. Griggs at bat. Beschit. Cheers. But they were short-lived, as Bramlett fouled out. Groans. Wilson at bat. One ball, one strike—two strikes. Groans. Two men out and two strikes. Pulling his cap down and setting lips, he made a heavy hit at the ball. Such a hit. Sailing in the air. He struck out for first base. Yelling, "Run, Griggs, run—it's a home run." Coming in just as the ball did, he saw he would have to slide. Straight for the plate he struck. Safe by a second.

He had won the game by his home run. The score stood 2 and 1 in our favor. The cup was ours. Earle E. Griggs.

Mr. Editor—As Christmas will soon be here, I thought I would write and tell the boys and girls about a little brother and sister who wanted Santa to bring them a heap of pretty things. The little sister wanted a doll buggy, picture books, little piano, box of paints. The little brother wanted blocks, box of paints, gun, horn and wagon, etc. The mamma told them they must ask God to send Santa. Every night when they said their prayers they would ask God to send Santa with the things they wanted. The little brother was not willing to go to bed—afraid they would make the fire too hot and burn Santa's feet or that he would get stuck in the chimney. Christmas morning everything they had prayed for was there and a long letter from Santa Claus and many other nice things. They did not forget to thank God for sending Santa Claus. Nell.

True Hen Stories.

Did you ever know that snakes and hens are sworn enemies? Indeed, chickens have been known to attack good sized black-snakes. This, however, is only a moderate sized snake story I am going to tell; that is, the story of a medium-sized snake.

One morning a lady who was visiting in the country looked out of her window and saw an old hen behaving in a most eccentric fashion. Knowing what "total abstinences" hens are, she knew that the old Biddy was not indulging in a spree, so concluded that she must be suffering from sunstroke.

On looking more closely, however, she discovered that the hen had a veritable case of "snakes," in spite of all her temperance principles for there, coiled ready for a spring, was a snake some twelve or fifteen inches long. As the snake sprang the hen backed off. Then, while her enemy was recovering itself and preparing for another attack, the hen rushed in and pecked at its head most vigorously, backing off again as she saw the snake ready to jump. This maneuver continued until the snake lay stretched to coil no more, when the hen began in a leisurely, business-like way to make a breakfast off that snake, beginning with the head and swallowing it inch by inch, until not a wiggle of its slender tail remained in view.

Appropos of the total abstinence habits of hens, I am reminded of a tale told by a small boy on some stately old hens, who stepped haughtily around his father's yard as if they merely allowed the family to live there for their convenience. He soaked some bread crumbs in whiskey and scattered them liberally in the chicken yard. Now, I never knew a hen who would refuse to eat anything that was thrown to her, from cold roast to a diamond ring. So very soon the bread crumbs had vanished, and in a short time the jolliest party of old hens who ever got a jag on were clucking and cawking around, tangle-footed beyond the wildest experience of unfeathered bipeds. For, being by nature a little cross-eyed in their toes, they stepped on their own feet, and got in their own way, and all the while cackled and jeered at each other for being drunk. One old rooster, in particular, was a sight for gods and men. He leaned with limp tail and uncertain head, in a suggestive, familiar attitude, against the gate-post, blinking his stupid little eyes, and trying in a mauling way to crow, with but indifferent success.

I'll wager the whole lot got up with a headache next morning and went right off to sign a pledge.

Fannie Taylor.

The Mission of the Rose.

"Let us all try and do some good in the world before we die," said the lily to the other flowers. "That is a nice plan," the violet said, timidly. "I'll try," and I will try," said the poppy. "And I," the rose said. "But what can we do?" asked the poppy. "We all have some mission, to perform; perhaps it will not be a great one, but I am sure there is something we can do." "Yes," replied the violet, when the rose finished speaking, "tomorrow when the flower girl comes to get us we will not try and hide upon anything ugly, but go with a bright face; that will be good." "There will be no flower girl tomorrow, though. You all forget that the dear little boy in the house lies at the point of death. No one thinks of us now," one of the flowers said. Then all remembered the fair child, with the golden curls and blue eyes, who had been in the garden only a few days since. The conversation of the flowers ended, for it was dark.

The boy was dead. All the flowers knew it.

That morning instead of the flower girl, an old man came to the garden. He looked at the violets. "No," he said, "they will rot for him." Then at the white chrysanthemums and shook his head. "They nor lilies won't do for my boy; he needs no flowers." Poor old man. He had never loved anything but this little grandson of his, so people said. He turned to go, but his eyes fell upon the rose. Ah! how beautiful she was, how fair. Suddenly tears came to his eyes. "It is pure," he murmured, "pure and white; my boy's life was pure." He plucked the flower. "Oh, take the go," said the lily, but the rose only smiled sad, sweetly.

Well, she was placed in the coffin with the boy. A single roseleaf and a curl followed the old man to his grave. The rose had performed her mission and gone to heaven. Selene Armstrong.

Washington, Ga.

ATLANTA'S BROWNIES.

There Will Be a Brownie Performance Here in December.

The Brownies are all the rage just now. Everywhere you go it is Brownie this and Brownie that; the young ladies are making collections of Brownie pins.

In fact, nothing would so soon as the Brownies should be put on the stage. For some time, while the Brownies were in show ready, it was not thought that there could be much success in such a performance. When the day came for the first matinee the house was crowded with little ones, who had come to see their Brownies in flesh and reality.

Not only that, there were many older people present and the affair was an enjoyable one and praises of it were telegraphed all over the country. All of us are acquainted with the Brownies. We have followed them in their many delightful and mischievous ventures. We know all about them and just who they are. I am sure that everybody read about the trip the Brownies took and what they did. It is true that they are very mischievous, but they never do anything that is real naughty.

So much interest has been manifested in the Brownies of late, that they have become even greater favorites. Since the first attempt at putting them on the stage has proved successful, other ventures have been made and proved equally as successful.

The woman's department of the Georgia Exposition has gone to work and are preparing to give just such an entertainment, with the Brownies as central figures. This will be a treat indeed, and no one can afford to miss it. Arrangements for the entertainment have a ready begun and it will occur on the 19th and 20th of December.

for the very young people who cannot get out at night. There will be fully 200 little folks in the play and all of them will be dressed to represent one of the Brownie characters or a fairy or flower. The play is called "Brownies in Fairyland," and the cast of characters is a long one.

First of all comes Prince Alderbaran, who is so modest that he could not secure his photograph. It is needless to say that he is a very good looking young fellow. He carries himself with much dignity and is a great favorite with young ladies. Of course the original Prince Alderbaran will not be in the play, but the boy who will represent him will be just exactly like him in every way. He wears an exceedingly handsome costume, though he is not such a dude as some other Brownies. He is the leader of the Brownies and they think a great deal of him. He came very near getting lost when the Brownies took the trip in the balloon. While the balloon was in the clouds he espied a mermaid of the mist and stepped out to speak to her. Of course the cloud could not bear him up and he began to sink slowly. A rope was thrown out and he was brought safely to the arms of his loving and loyal subjects.

Prince Alderbaran's Favorite.

One of the Brownies who will be represented at the entertainment in December will be Chollie Boutoniere, who is said to be a veritable Beau Brummel. He is always daintily and faultlessly attired and by his carefulness won the pseudonym of dude. He is a manly fellow with all of his airs, and when he is needed to work never tries to keep back. He has a great liking for fairies and for a long time was regarded as the favorite suit of the queen of the fairies. It is said that a very smart and handsome little fellow will take his part and he will doubtless make a splendid hit.

A Unique Character. A Brownie who has many friends and admirers is Mr. Wah Sing. He is of royal blood and is descended in a direct line from Emperor Tsan-Tsing. He is also a cousin of the famous warrior, General Siam Bang Biff. Wah Sing does not possess a very ferocious look or commanding presence, but he is quite courageous. He appears to be frightened in the photograph, but he is simply somewhat embarrassed. There may be a real little Chinaman take this part—at least, that's what some one said. But, however that may be, Wah Sing will be well represented and will be one of the stars of the Brownie performance. He plays a very important part in the presentation—by proxy.

Doesn't Belong to Tomorrow. Officer Moveon is a Brownie with a record. He believes in treating erring humanity with gentleness. It is true that he made ten arrests last year, but it was done for the sake of example. He will be well represented. Officer Moveon is an Irishman and is a sturdy fellow, good-humored and able to enjoy a joke. He has plenty of dignity, however. Altogether he is a delightful Brownie and a proper representation of him will be most enjoyable. He is one of Palmer Cox's favorites. There are many more characters that will be represented at the performance. Chauncey Quoter, the poet, for instance; then Major Tolloff, the twins, Tutti Frutti; Uncle Sam, John Bull, Dennis O'Rourke, Furanskins, Wagner Von Strauss, Professor Katchakoff and many other of the Brownies. As it is a play of the "Brownies in Fairyland," there will be the queen of the fairies and many little fairies.

MR. WAH SING.

OFFICER MOVEON.

MR. WAH SING.

MR. WAH SING.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

By Henrietta Christian Wright.

In the days when Louisiana was a province of Spain, a little dark-eyed boy used to wander among the fields and groves of his father's plantation studying with eager delight the works of nature around him.

Lying under the orange trees watching the mockingbird, or learning from his mother's lips the names of the flowers that grew in every corner of the plantation, he soon came to feel that he was part of that beautiful world, whose language was the songs of birds and whose boundaries extended to every place where a blossom lifted its head above the green sod. No other companions suited him so well, and no roof seemed so secure as that formed of the dense foliage under which the feathered tribes resorted, or the caves and rocks to which the curlew and the cormorant retired to protect themselves from the fury of the tempest. In these words we read the first chapter of the life history of John James Audubon, the American naturalist, and the author of one of the early classics of American literature.

In those early days his father was Audubon's teacher, and hand in hand they searched the groves for new specimens, or lingered over the nests where lay the helpless young. It was the father who taught him to look upon the shining eggs as flow-



J. J. Audubon.

ers in the bud and to note the different characteristics which distinguished them. These excursions were seasons of joy, but when the time came for the birds to take their annual departure, the joy was turned to sorrow. To the young naturalist a dead bird, though beautifully preserved and mounted, gave no pleasure. It seemed but a mockery of life, and the constant care needed to keep the specimens in good condition brought an additional sense of loss. Was there no way in which the memory of these feathered friends might be kept fresh and beautiful? He turned in his anxiety to his father, who in answer laid before him a volume of illustrations. Audubon turned over the leaves with a new hope in his heart, and although the pictures were badly executed, the idea satisfied him. Although he was unconscious of it, it was the moment of the birth of his own great life work. Pencil in hand he began to copy nature untrudgingly, although for a long time he produced what he himself called but a family of cripples, the sketches being burned regularly on his birthdays. But no failure could stop him and made hundreds of sketches of birds every year, worthless almost in themselves because of bad drawing, but valuable as studies of nature.

Meantime for education the boy had been taken from Louisiana to France, the home of his father who had wished him to become a soldier, sailor or engineer. For a few hours daily Audubon now studied mathematics, drawing and geography, only to disappear in the country when study hours were over, and return with eggs, nests or curious plants. His rooms looked like a museum of natural history, and the walls were covered with drawings of French birds.

For one year he wrestled dutifully with problems and theorems, counting himself happy if by any chance he could fly to the country for an hour to take up his acquaintance with the birds; and then the father admitted the son's unfitness for military pursuits and sent him to America to take charge of some property.

Audubon was then seventeen years of age and had but one ambition in life—to live in the woods with his wild friends.

He was the best skater in all the country side; at balls and parties he was the ama-

time did not exist. It was a region as unknown to human thought as the new world which Columbus discovered.

Season after season from the gulf to Canada and back again these winged creatures of the air wended their way, stopping to hatch and breed their young, becoming acquainted with Louisiana orange groves and New England apple orchards, now fluttering with kindly sociability round the dwellings of men and again seeking lonely eeries among inaccessible mountain tops, pursuing their course at all time almost without the thought and cognizance of man.

It was Audubon who was the conqueror if not the discoverer of this aerial world of song of which he became the immortal historian. It was his untiring zeal which gave thus early to the American literature a scientific work of such vast magnitude and importance that it astonished the scientists of Europe and won for itself the fame of being the most gigantic biblical enterprise ever undertaken by a single individual. To do this meant a life of almost constant change, and Audubon can hardly have had an abiding place after his first serious beginning. The wide continent became his home and he found his dwelling wherever the winged tribes sought shelter from the wind and storm. His pursuit was often interrupted by occupations necessary for the support of his family, for at his father's death he had given to his sister his share of the estate and so became entirely dependent upon his own efforts for a livelihood; but at all times, no matter what his situation, his heart was in the wild retreats of nature. Traveling through the west and south in search of fortune, as well as of specimens, his experiences were often disenchanted. At Louisville and New Orleans he would be forced to make crayon portraits of the principal citizens in order to raise the money for family expenses. Again, he taught drawing, he served as tutor in private families, and, in order to secure funds for the publication of his work, he earned \$2,000 by dancing lessons, the largest sum he had ever earned. Many business speculations enlisted Audubon's hopes, but all failed utterly. Once he embarked his money in a steam mill, which, being built in an unfit place, soon failed. At another time he bought a steamboat, which, proving an unlucky speculation, was sold to a shrewd buyer who never paid the purchase money. Again he was cheated in the clearing of a tract of timber.

But his studies in natural history always went on. When he had no money to pay his passage up the Mississippi, he bargained to draw the portrait of the captain of the steamer and his wife as remuneration. When he needed boots, he obtained them by sketching the features of a friendly shoemaker, and more than once he paid his hotel bills and saved something by sketching the faces of the host and his family.

On the other hand, his adventures in search of material for his work were romantic enough to satisfy the most ambitious traveler. From Florida to Labrador and from the Atlantic to the then unknown regions of the Yellowstone, he pursued his way, often alone, and not seldom in the midst of dangers which threatened life



Washington Sea Eagle, after Audubon

itself. He hunted buffalo with the Indians of the great plains, and lived for months in the tents of the fierce Sioux. He spent a season in the winter camp of the Snawonees, sleeping wrapped in a buffalo robe, before the great campfire and living upon wild turkey, bear's grease and opossums. Here he made studies of deer, bears, cougars, as well as of wild turkeys, prairie dogs and other birds. For days he drifted down the Ohio in a flat-bottomed boat, searching the uninhabited shores for specimens and living the life of the frontiersman, whose daily food must be supplied by his own exertions. Sometimes his studies would take him into the dense forests of the west, where the white man had never before trod, and the only thing that suggested humanity, would be the smoke rising miles away from the evening campfire of some Indian hunter as lonely as himself.

Once as he lay stretched on the deck of a small vessel ascending the Mississippi, he caught sight of a great eagle circling about his head. Convinced that it was a new species, he waited patiently for two years before he again had a glimpse of it lying, in lazy freedom, above some butting crags, where its young were nested. Climbing to the place, and watching like an Indian in ambush until it dropped to its nest, Audubon found it to be a sea eagle. He named it the Washington sea eagle in honor of George Washington. Waiting two years longer he was able to obtain a specimen from which he made the picture given in his work. This is but one example of the tireless patience with which he prosecuted his studies, years of waiting counting as nothing, if he could but gain his end.

Some of his discoveries in this kingdom of the birds he relates with a romantic enthusiasm. Throughout the entire work there runs the note of warmest sympathy with the lives of these creatures of the air and sunshine. He tells us of their hopes and homes and interests, from the time of the nest-making till the young had flown away. The freedom of bird life, its happiness, its experiences and tragedies appeal to him as do those of humanity. The discovery of a new species is reported as rapturously as the news of a few stars. Once in Labrador, when he was making studies of the eggs, his son brought to him a great hawk captured on the precipices far above his head. To Audubon's delight it was that rare specimen, the goshawk, whose white plumage had heretofore eluded the efforts of naturalists to obtain it. While the rain dripped down from the rigging above, Audubon sat for hours making a sketch of this bird and feeling as rich as if he had discovered some rare gem. After twenty years the work was published. Every specimen, from the tiny hummingbird to the largest eagles and vultures, was sketched life-size and colored in the tints of nature. There were four hundred and seventy-five of these plates, furnishing a complete history of the feathered tribes of North America, for they showed not only the appearance of the birds, but represented also the manner and home life of this and other birds. The work was published by the crimson throat of the trumpet snail, the whippoorwill resting among the leaves of the oak, the bobolink singing among the crimson flowers of the swamp, the snow-bird chirping cheerily among snow-touched berries of the

holly were not sketched merely, but bits of story out of bird history. So also are those pictures of the swan among the reeds of the great lakes, of the great white heron sealing its prey from the waters of the gulf, and of the golden eagle winging its way towards the distant heights that it inhabits.

The work was published by subscription in London in 1825 under the title, "The Birds of North America." The price was 30 guineas. Later on a smaller and cheaper edition was issued. The work is now very rare. Audubon had the gratification of knowing that his labors were understood and appreciated by the world of science. When he exhibited his plates in the galleries of England and France, crowds flocked to see them and the greatest scientists of the age welcomed him to their ranks. "The Birds of North America" was his greatest work, though he was interested somewhat in general zoology and wrote on other subjects.

Dogs as Policemen.

How's that for a new idea? But that is an idea they are developing in Germany, and believe it is going to do great things. The object is not to have the dog jump on a man and tear him to pieces; an uneducated dog can do that. But he is trained to knock the criminal down and keep him



Training Dogs for the Use of a Manikin in Germany.

motionless until the dog's assistant can come up with the handcuffs.

The breed they use are bulldogs almost exclusively, both on account of their tremendous jaws, and because a bulldog loves a fight as naturally as an Irishman does. They are very intelligent, and when they have once seized the idea they hold on to it as they do to everything else. A bulldog never forgets anything, whether it be a kindness or an insult, or a college education, and is in this respect quite unlike the celebrated Thomas B. Macaulay, who boasted he had forgotten more things than most people know.

The training of the dogs requires a certain knack, with great kindness, patience and firmness. For although they are sparing of the whip, when the dog deserves a whipping he gets it, after being made to understand why he is punished.

The first step in his training is the placing of a mannikin behind the door, and making the dog understand that this is a criminal who he is to seize. This lesson is not hard for him to learn, for a bulldog would much rather jump on a man than not. Then the trainer catches the mannikin by the shoulders and lowers it slowly to the ground, with the dog still hanging to the rags around the neck. When the dog begins to tear the figure, the trainer strikes him with the whip to intimate to him that that is not what he is expected to do. Finally he learns that he is not to let go, but to hang on without tearing the victim. If any one moves the mannikin he has gripped a ferocious growl warns all bystanders that all such nonsense has better stop at once. When he carries out his role well he is patted and caressed, for kindness plays quite as important a part as the whip in the school.

As soon as it is certain that Master Doggie has learned his lesson, they let him loose on a living model. This experiment is never quite free from danger, so the man who feeds him is usually chosen for the first experiment, as the dog will not be so likely to tear him, although in all cases the model puts on a leather collar around his neck to guard against accident. Then these experiments are renewed on strangers, who naturally demand pretty good pay for their services, and who constitute a sort of board of regents. If the dog passes this examination he takes his degree and is ready for work. The German government hopes to make use of these dogs in the service of the customs, to catch smugglers on the frontier.

Appropos of these dogs, I am reminded of a story of a policeman in this country in a country town who was always accompanied on his beat by his devoted bulldog. One day the policeman discovered two men in a case of assault and robbery. When they saw him coming they took to their heels. Of course he could not go two ways at once, so he called "Nick!" attention to one man, while he made off after the other. He secured his man, and, coming back, found the second man prostrate with "Nick" standing guard.

A Cavalry General's Strange Escape.

In his recently published memoirs, General Marbot, who took part in nearly every one of Napoleon's campaigns, describes a terrible plight in which he once found himself, and relates how he managed to extricate himself by an almost incredible display of moral and physical energy. He was charging the Austrians at the head of numerous squadrons when his horse was killed from under him and fell, dragging him down in its fall. All our cavalry passed over him without touching him, which is not surprising, as a horse, unless wounded or tired out, generally avoids treading on human bodies. He began to think he was safe when he perceived our regiment returning at full gallop, pursued in their turn by the full strength of a division of Uhlans. General Marbot saw clearly that if he did not contrive to keep pace on foot with our horsemen, he would be cut down without mercy. The thought of certain death increased his strength a hundred fold. He held up his hands, which were grasped by two cuirassiers, who dragging him along by giant strides between their horses, conveyed him at length to a place of safety.

The Length of a Day.

Perhaps you do not know that the quickest and readiest way to find the length of the day is to double the time of the sun's setting. The length of the night may be found in like manner by doubling the time of the sun's rising.

On the 21st of June, for example, the sun sets at 7:30 o'clock in this latitude. Twice 7:30 gives fifteen hours, the length of that day. The sun rises on that day at 4:30, and twice 4:30 gives nine hours as the length of the night. The fifteen hours of daylight and the nine hours of night make up the whole day of twenty-four hours.

This rule is not exact to a minute, but it is good enough for all practical purposes.

BUCK'S NEW CLOTHES.

Ople Read in Banner of Gold.

Fifteen years have passed since John C. Buck and I published The Allen County Eye, at Scottsdale, Ky.

The Eye was a small sheet, and was printed on a press that took an impression with a loud slap. All the announcements that our paper uttered were strong, for it required but a few flaps of our press to turn the hair lines of light-faced type into the black swipes of boldest exclamation.

We lived in the office—cost us no rent, as it was believed to be haunted—and took our meals wherever we happened to find them.

We had been running along for several months, when one night, as Buck and I lay on the floor smoking, he turned to me and said:

"I am in love."

"What?" I exclaimed.

"I am in love, I say. Give me a match."

He relighted his pipe, puffed awhile, and continued:

"Finest looking woman you ever saw—fat, weighs about twice as much as I do, but she's beautiful. Never met her until day before yesterday. Went down to the bluff after a bucket of water. She and old Hillard's wife were sitting near the spring, eating a lunch. I asked them if they didn't want some water. The girl said she did. Handed her a gourdful; sat down beside her. 'Won't you have some lunch?' she asked. Well, rather. I nibbled her cheese and crunched her crackers and snatched the meat off the leg of a chicken. I found out her name—Miss Cress—Helen, at that. I have met her several times since then. She gave me a poem for The Eye. We'll print it, though it's tough. Now don't object. We'll print her matter now, and if we are ever married I'll choke her off. Got an appointment with her tomorrow. She lives ten miles out in the country, but a lover can walk that distance without any trouble."

I went out into the country and upon returning, after a stop of several days, Buck told me that he was engaged.

"This is nonsense," said I.

"How so?" he asked in surprise.

"Why, you have got nothing to get married on."

"Get married on credit," said he.

"That's all very well, but you've got no clothes and there's not a man in town who would credit you with a suit."

"O, the question of a suit of clothes is settled. The county clerk will give \$10 for printing the delinquent tax list, and, with that amount of money, I can get a first-class outfit. I went down to see the proprietor of the woolen mill and he told me that for \$5 he would sell me enough jeans to answer my modest purposes."

I went with him. The jeans was of a yellowish cast and was woven in ribs that were almost as coarse as gridiron; and still worse, it was greasy and smelled like a wet dog.

We printed the tax list and Buck took the goods to a tailor. The old fellow turned away and held his nose when it was unfolded.

"I'll take 'em," said the tailor, "but you must have the cloth shrunk first."

"That's all right. Let me put them on and then they may shrink until they get tired. Push the work on as fast as you can, for an exceedingly important even depends on these clothes. I'll be around to try them on tomorrow."

Early one cold, but beautiful morning, we hired a shakily old hack and set out for the residence of the bride's father. A drug clerk had given us a box of cigars and onward we went gayly smoking.

I think that they were the worst cigars I have ever seen. They burned like a piece of hickory and when we attempted to knock off the ashes it was rare that the cigar escaped being broken half in two.

"Buck, you are sure the girl loves you?" I asked.

"Of course I am. Do you reckon she's marrying me for money?"

"You are not going to compel her to sleep in the office, are you?"

"No. She'll stay with Mrs.—forgot the name—until I can sort her fix up a little."

"But suppose you do not succeed in fixing up?"

"Well, then, she'll either have to stay with Mrs. Slouch or go back home. What the deuce is that odor? Whew! I never smelled anything as bad. It almost takes my breath."

"It's your clothes," I answered.

"Why do you persist in making fun of my wardrobe? From the very first you have not only spoken ill of their appearance, but have slandered them by declaring that they smell bad. As a single, and consequently, a thoughtless man, I could bear insults, but as a married man—as a man who feels the responsibilities of life—I must protest against a continuance of indignities. By George, what is that stinks so?"

Just then Buck lifted the blanket and a volume of smoke rolled out. We stopped the horses and jumped out of the hack.

The tails of Buck's coat were burned off, having caught from one of our hickory cigars.

"What ought I to do—jump in the creek or bury myself?"

There was in my mind a sharp fight between the ludicrous and the sympathetic, but finally pity bade the ludicrous lie down. "It is unfortunate," said I, "but not fatal. It is but little further to the house of your father-in-law."

"Stop," he said, holding up his hand. "Enough. Speak not of wives nor of father-in-law. Get in, and we will go back to town. Farewell, vain ambition," he continued, waving his hand "farewell."

Translating It.

Baron Dowse once was judge where the accused could only understand Irish, and an interpreter was accordingly sworn. The prisoner said something to the interpreter, and the latter replied.

"What does he say?" demanded the judge.

"Nothing, my lord."

"How dare you say that when we all heard him? Come, sir, what was it?"

"My lord," said the interpreter, beginning to tremble, "it has nothing to do with the case."

"If you don't answer I'll commit you, sir. Now, what did he say?"

"Well, my lord, you'll excuse me, but he said, 'Who's that old woman with the red bed curtain round her sitting up there?'"

At which the court roared.

"And what did you say?" asked the baron, looking a little uncomfortable.

"I said, 'Whist, ye salceps! That's the old boy that's going to hang yes!'"

His Worst Fears.

Unconsciously funny was the Irishman who, on being placed at the bar felt quite uneasy when arraigned and complained bitterly that he should be in such an awkward position so far from friends and home. The judge felt kindly toward him and said: "Be calm, young man. You may rest assured that, although among strangers, full justice will be done you."

"Sure, yer honor," groaned Pat, "and it's the fear of that same that thrubbles me."



Goshawk, after Audubon.

teur master of ceremonies, gayly teaching the newest steps and turns that he obtained in France. In the hunt it was Audubon, dressed, perhaps, in satin breeches and pumps, for he was a great dandy, who led the way through the almost unbroken wilderness. Add to this that he was an expert swimmer, once swimming the Schuylkill with a companion on his back; that he could play any one of half a dozen instruments for an impromptu dance, that he could plait a set of picnic dishes out of willow rushes; train dogs and do a hundred other clever things, and it is easy to see why he was a general favorite.

His private rooms were turned into a museum. The walls were covered with fests of birds' eggs, the shelves crowded with fishes, snakes, lizards and frogs; the chimney displayed stuffed squirrels and opossums and paintings of birds. It was the holiday of life for the young lover of nature and he enjoyed it with good will. Here suddenly the idea of his great work came to him as he was one day looking over his drawings and descriptions of birds. Suddenly, as it seemed to him, though his whole life had led to it, he conceived the plan of a great work on American ornithology. He began his gigantic undertaking as a master in the school of nature, wherein he had been so faithful a student, for he now saw with joy that the past, which had often seemed idle, had been in reality rich with labors that were to bear fruit.

He began at once to put his work into scientific form, and nothing better illustrates his energy and ambition than the fact that he entered on it alone and unaided, though none knew better than he the toll and ceaseless endeavor necessary for its completion. Except in a very immature form, American ornithology at that

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Floor Oilcloths. Our 60c goods at 50c
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100 pieces Vienna China, gold traced handles, Fuchsia decoration, spring pattern. Go price these sets at other places and they will ask you \$25.00. Think of it—they can be bought of us at. \$17.60

100 pieces Vienna China, gold traced handles, very delicate pink decorations, spring pattern, per set. \$18.50

100 pieces Vienna China, gold handles, Corinthian cupola decoration, Lafontaine pattern, something entirely new and attractive, worth \$35.00. This, too, was bought as a job and will go at. \$26.40

TEA SETS.

56 pieces Vienna China, gold traced handles, delicate pink and blue decorations, Coquille pattern, the latest out. These sets are well worth \$12.50, but we bought at a job and will offer them for this week at the low price of. \$7.35

56 pieces Vienna China, stippled gold handles and edges, Dresden decoration, real value \$22.50, our price. \$15.50

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Large size extra heavy white cotton filled Comforts, our \$1.75 goods, Now \$1.50

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Ladies' and Children's white and gray ribbed Union Suits, 50c each

Ladies' all wool ribbed soft finish Vests and Pants, \$1.00 each

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200 dozen full size white Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, good strong quality, Each 19c

OUT OF TOWN PATRONS

Who wish to make orders from our daily advertisements should do so as soon after they are advertised as possible. Most of the items quoted go very rapidly, and whatever quantity we may have to begin with the supply frequently runs far short of the demand.

If you haven't our catalogue send for it. It goes free.

OURS is a store of 35 departments, each complete in itself, and fully abreast with the times. We invite trade on the merit of the goods we offer for sale, and invite comparison of prices upon equal values with the leading concerns of the country.



..SHOES..

\$2.00 Ladies'

FOR

\$1.50 pair.

The above represents one style of a 35-case lot bought from a manufacturer badly in need of cash. He didn't get enough and failed. His offer was tempting; we took them at a big discount and are thereby enabled to sell them 50 cents a pair less than ever before. They are cloth tops, kid tops, pointed toes, square toes, tipped toes and plain toes, all buttoned. They are Dongola Kid, the kind that is warranted to wear well.

Ladies' Shoes at \$3.00, worth \$3.00, NOT A WOMAN who has worn a pair will tell you that they have ever been equalled for 50c more in style, \$1 more in fit and \$2 more in wear. As this particular Shoe is so very superior we have had them made in all the popular styles. But is not this enough to induce you to see them? They'll do the rest. Sent to any address on receipt of Price. \$2.50 buys a Shoe equal in all respects to a regular \$3 Shoe. The quantities are immense and embrace ten different styles to select from We guarantee to please you.

\$3.00 Men's. GOODYEAR HAND-WELT SHOES at \$2 tee with every pair. Why? Because you'll be pleased.

A few pairs left of the famous Patent Leather Shoes, among them Jno. M. Moore's make, worth \$5 to \$7 a pair, all goat. \$3.50 pair

MEN'S SLIPPERS. The most desirable ones we've ever seen. The prices are \$2 down to 75c. They make the man, old or young, perfectly comfortable "at home." Therefore a present from mother or sister before Christmas. See?

Mothers, We want you to see our Child's Shoe—genuine Dongola patent tipped at 50c, you've paid as much as a dollar, never less than 75c for the same.

Ladies' Overgaiters \$1.00, 75c and 50c. They are 7-button length, made of finest Broadcloth or Cheviot—all pure wool.

Cloaks and Suits Waists and Wrappers

Ready-to-Wear Garments—Up-to-date Garments—Perfect fitting Garments—At Interesting Prices.

New Military and Golf Capes up from \$5.00
New Astrachan and French Seal Capes up from \$15.00
New long Coats, perfect fitting up from \$10.00
New things arrive by every express.
Print Wrappers in dark shades—big ruffled shoulders. 98c
Best Outing Cloth Wrappers—New designs and latest shapes. \$2.25
Wool Wrappers, braid trimmed, assorted colors. \$3.00
Fine wool Wrappers, braid trimmed, handsome styles, each \$5.00
Ladies' wool Waists, new shapes. \$1.00 and \$1.50
Satin Waits in black and gray, excellent styles and perfectly made. \$1.00 and \$1.50

That Basement!

To make the smallest amount of money accomplish the greatest good, it is absolutely necessary to visit That Basement!

Spool Silk, 100 yard spools, black and all colors, per spool. 5c

Spool Cotton, soft finish, 3 cord cotton, 200 yard spools—a dozen spools for. 25c

Household Ammonia at. 5c
Creme Toilet Soap, Box of 3 cakes. 10c

Bed Comforts, only one bale to sell, each. 25c
Best Standard Prints, not remnants, indigos and assorted patterns, per yard. 5c

Dress Patterns, 7 yards in each pattern, nice wool goods, the pattern for. \$1.10

Ladies' Fast Black Hose, a pair for. 5c
Ladies' Fast Black Hose, extra heavy, 3 pairs for. 25c

Ladies' Outing Cloth Waists each. 75c

Ladies' Corsets, black, gray and white. 50c

Ladies' Muslin Gowns. 49c

Ladies' Muslin Drawers. 25c

Ladies' Muslin Chemises. 25c

Ladies' heavy Jersey Ribbed Vests, each. 19c

Men's Cotton Flannel Drawers, pair. 25c

Extra large size Towels, each. 5c

10-4 unbleached Sheeting, per yard. 12c

Red Flannel, all wool, per yard. 15c

Heavy Gray Flannel for skirts. 15c

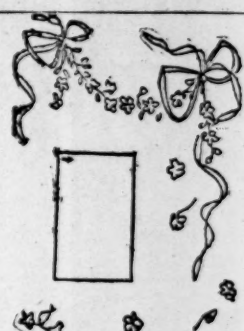
Unbleached Cotton Flannel per yard. 5c

25c Schoolboy Jeans at. 17c

BLACK GOODS.

Continuation sale of B. Priestley's Black goods in Novelty weaves. The very best things yet produced, about a dozen styles to select from, 40 to 42 inches wide, marvelous value At. 95c yard

ART NEEDLEWORK.



ARE YOU INTERESTED?

You will be if you take a look at the charming selection of materials we are now showing.

Photo Frames, the cut herewith is one of a big lot of designs stamped on Linen, according to quality, 10c, 15c and 25c

Stamped Linen table covers, center pieces, sofa pillows and head rests, on bleached or half bleached Linen, a lot of beautiful designs, Choice 15c

Fine Linen stamped center pieces, table covers, covers for pillows, etc., our own exclusive designs, Each 25c

Imported Zephyrs, all shades, 5c lap

Imported Saxony wool, 12 1-2c hank

Best Embroidery Silks—most complete line of shadings.

Stamping done to order at short notice.

Crinkled Papers, Tissue Papers and all accessories.

BARGAIN.... 10c...COUNTER.

When we say BARGAIN COUNTER we mean just what we say, as the GREATEST BARGAINS will be found on these counters that were ever offered.

1st, we will give you the Gem Crank Bitter, sold everywhere for 15c.
2d, we will give you eight-hole Muffin Pans, worth 15c.
3d, we will give you a three-quart Coffee Pot.
4th, we will give you a one-gallon Bucket.
5th, we will give you one Sheet Grater.
6th, we will give you Glass Sugar Dishes, imitation cut glass.
7th, we will give you Glass Syrup Pitchers, large size.
8th, we will give you Glass Sugar Bitters.
9th, we will give you Glass Butter Dishes, imitation cut glass.
10th, we will give you Glass Pickle Dishes, imitation cut glass.
11th, we will give you Glass 4-inch Trays, imitation cut glass.
12th, we will give you Glass Vinegar Jugs, imitation cut glass.
13th, we will give you Glass Bread Plates, plain.
14th, we will give you real china cups and saucers, nicely decorated.
15th, we will give you real china Fruit Baskets, beautiful shapes and decorations, worth \$2 dozen, but will throw them on 10-cent counter.
16th, we will give you real china B. & B. Plates, worth \$2 a dozen, but just to please you they go on the 10-cent counter.
17th, we will give you real china 4-inch gold band Cups and Saucers, a perfect beauty, for Monday only, 10c.
18th, we will give you Paper Shades, assorted decorations.
19th, we will give you kitchen Spring Balances.
20th, we will give you half-gallon Tin Mugs.
21st, we will give you Yellow Mixing Bowls.
22d, we will give you Yellow Baking Plates.
23d, we will give you Teaspoons, tin, 10c per dozen.
24th, we will give you Japanese Oatmeal Sifters.
25th, we will give you Egyptian Glass Vases.

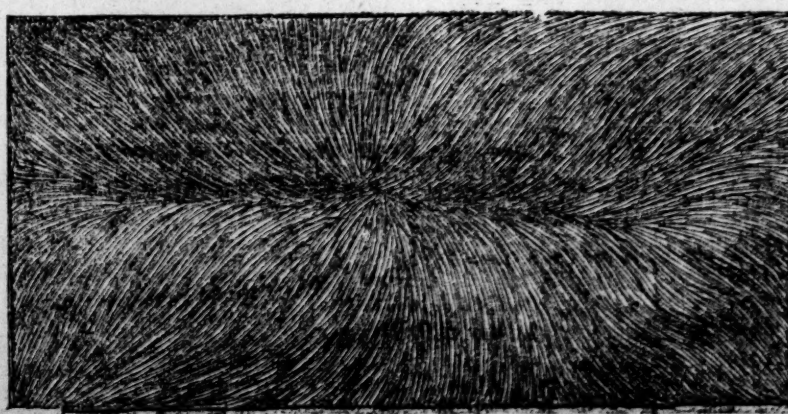
25c COUNTER...

Glass Bowls, with covers, large size.
Glass Cake Stands on foot, large size.
Glass Rose Bowls, a good imitation cut glass.
Glass Pitchers, half gallon, good imitation cut glass.
Glass Molasses Cans, nicely decorated, worth 15c.
Glass Berry Bowls, large size, 40c value.
Glass Cracker Jars, 50c value.
Glass Bohemian Cream Pitchers, tinted.
Glass Bohemian Spoonholders, tinted.
Royal Hungarian Vases, a job lot.
Bohemian Glass Vases.
LARGE Floor Mops, with handles.
Large tinted Glass Vases.
Bohemian Finger Bowls.
Japanese Bread Trays.
Japanese Chocolate Jugs, worth 10c.
Japanese waiters.
These two counters will be located in That Basement near Broad street entrance. Look them up.

THIS FINE FUR RUG \$1.95.

Made of the best selected skins, deodorized and bleached. This is a new importation. The hair is longer, finer, more like wool than ever and nearer the full size—3x6 feet. Colors are cream white, light gray and dark gray. Makes the best, useful Christmas Present.

Sent C. O. D. on approval if desired. Same Rug, substantially lined and refinished, \$2.50



KEELY COMPANY

Dress Goods By the Yard.

Handsome Checked Suiting, 34 inches wide. So bought that we can sell them at about what other merchants pay for equal grades.
Worth 50c; our price.....20c

Scotch Mixtures, English Fancies, French Novelties and best American styles in all the prevailing colors and shades.
Worth 60c; our price.....37c

Genuine Imported Covert Cloth, 42 exact inches wide and in half dozen of the smooth silky color blends that are so wanted.
Worth 55c; our price.....49c

Cloth Capes! Suppose we cannot replace them at the prices. We don't have to replace them yet. We cross such bridges when we come to them. The items below announced give the keynote of cheapness. Price comparisons are impossible as our value standards are uniformly under the entire market.

A great variety of Women's Highland Capes, including many materials and most attractively trimmed, worth up to \$10.00; choice tomorrow at \$3.50 and.....\$4.00

Red, Blue and Tan English Cheviot and Broadcloth Capes, made with silk lined hood; meant to retail regularly at \$12.50; our price now only.....\$7.50

Women's Cloth Capes, plump thirty inches long, made from imported Kerseys, with over-cape inlaid with velvet, satin faced, worth \$15.00; our price.....\$8.50

Women's Broadcloth Capes, thirty-two inches deep, extra full sweep. Applique on cape and over-cape, finished with new rolling collar, worth \$16.00; our price.....\$10.00

Imported Golf Capes of mixed Cheviots, with plaid backs, forty-two inches long, generous sweep, hood and collar finished with strap fastenings, worth \$17.50; at.....\$12.50

Highland Capes in Cheviots with Camel's-hair finish, plaid backs, very long, over-cape strapped with Broadcloth, velvet collar, worth \$20.00; at.....\$15.00

Capotes of French Cheviot, Camel's-hair and Covert Cloth, extra long and full sweep, plaid backs, roll collars, worth up to \$25.00; our price.....\$16.50

Dress Goods! By the Suit.

Yankee made and new. Mixtures and Illuminated Fancies—all the latest colorings. Close to the import mark in everything but cost. Each Suit contains seven plump yards.
Worth \$2.25, our price.....\$1.15

This assortment includes all the fresh effects that strong Dress Goods thought has developed. Those New England artists produced them and not a French grace has escaped their genius. Each Suit contains eight yards.
Worth \$3.50, our price.....\$1.85

Among this magnificent offering are: Checked Cheviots; Fancy Jacquard Weaves, Pin-dotted Novelties; Hard-finished Tailor Suitings and a rich collection of beautiful Melanges. Seven yards to the Suit—accurate measure.
Worth \$5.00, our price.....\$2.87

Blankets! The time to catch larks is while the skies are falling. One of these days there'll be an end to the Blanket bargaining that are now dominant here—well, no one really expects half prices to hold on such goods. The telling today is to remind you that in the regular way the appendage are worth 50 per cent. more.

All-wool Blankets, size eleven-quarters, slightly ruffled and mussed from having been on display fixtures,
Worth \$5.00; our price.....\$2.08

All-wool Blankets, size eleven-quarters, softest and fleeciest of fibre, secured from the factory at a sacrifice,
Worth \$6.00; our price.....\$3.25

Genuine California Blankets, size eleven-quarters, the merest mite of dirt smirch here and there from having been in the window,
Worth \$8.50; at.....\$4.50

Genuine California Blankets, size eleven-quarters, strictly pure wool through and through, very heavy and handsome,
Worth \$10.00; our price.....\$6.48

Dress Silks!

Silk market stronger. Likely to be stronger still. That's both theory and condition. But it's the improbable that is always turning up here. Like this Special Silk Sale of one hundred pieces choicest styles for waist-making and street or evening wear. Pure silk, pure dyes—not a grain of "loading" in a square mile of it. The brightest, best assortment of the kind ever offered here or elsewhere. The following will float out in the forenoon of Monday:

Lot 1. Satin Marvelleux, Surah Sublime, French Taffetas, Faille Francaise, 28-inch India, Figured, Striped and Checked Taffetas and Glaces, Fancy Peau d'Soie, Black Satin, Black Gros Grain, Black Taffetas, 24-inch Black Surah,
Worth up to \$1.25; our price.....67c

Men's Underwear.

We own a great lot of Men's Wool Underwear that was bought exceptionally cheap. The goods are to be sold at prices that can only be matched by reckless indifference to costs and values. Our price-break is because we are crowded for space in this department.

Men's White Merino Shirts and Drawers. Bought from the factory when times were tightest and money scarce;
Worth 75c; at.....49c

Men's heavy Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, in all sizes, worth regularly when secured in the regular way, 75c;
Our price.....49c

Men's White All-wool Shirts and Drawers and Improved Sanitary Shirts and Drawers,
Worth \$1.00; our price.....60c

KEELY COMPANY

Facts that are worth re-reading. They concern our recent great purchases of popular Wool Dress Goods. Last week six hundred pieces came to the counters suffused with a bargain smile. The variety is simply amazing and in regard to value, they give the palm of glory for the merest mite of money. Stop at any Dress Goods heap—take a hap-hazard look. The chances are that the goods you examine were never before at anything like such low prices. Just as true of the extravagant stuffs as of the most modest; of the plain weaves as of the rich novelties.

A line beautiful brown and gray Suitings, of real Scotch descent. There are Mixtures, Plaids, Checks and Stripes, full 46 inches wide.
Worth \$1.00; our price.....69c

An aggregation of Covert Cloths, Melange Diagonals, Silk-and Wool Novelties, Matelasses, Tailor Checks and Crepe Effects, all colors.
Worth \$1.25; our price.....75c

Bouretted Cheviots, Blocked Fancies, Tile and Plaid Cheviots, Fancy Checked Effects, Irregular Plaids, Nette Suitings and Epingles.
Worth \$1.50; our price.....98c

Fur Capes! If we cared to do it, almost every Fur Cape in the stock could be handed over to dealers at more than our retail price. That isn't our way. If we were wise enough and confident enough to take advantage of conditions that others didn't see the special gain is for you.

Plush Capes, rich, thick and fine pile, made with the popular and protective storm collar and lined throughout with satin, \$10, \$11.50, \$12.50, \$13.50 and.....\$15.00

Silk Plush Capes, lined throughout with satin rhadame, full collar edged with jetty Thibet. Never before offered under \$27.50; our price only.....\$20.00

Choice Plush Military Capes, lined throughout with handsome quality of satin, full collar, edged with genuine Thibet, trimmed with braid and jet, worth \$35.00; at.....\$25.00

Finest Seal Plush Capes, deep, generous sweep, Thibet collar trimmed with Thibet and brilliant passamentrie, butterfly effect, worth \$40; our price.....\$27.50

Coney Capes, full length, double collar, lined with satin throughout, complete assortment of sizes, easily worth \$15.00; our price only.....\$10.00

Capotes made of full-piece Mirriore Astrakhan, lined throughout with soft, mellow satin, deep, double collar, worth \$25.00; our price.....\$17.50

Capotes made of Canadian and Electric Seal, O'possum and Siberian Marten fur collars, lined throughout with satin, worth up to \$35; our prices \$25 and.....\$20.00

Near to half. Don't think of last season's values, don't think of last month's values—the great lot of Suits that came to us a few days ago is on a price basis so low that comparisons of any sort seem absurd. Not a mean yard, not an ancient pattern, fine wool all and new. They are style-copies of some of the finest and most exclusive foreign fancies. They have never been sold to dealers at less than the prices here named. You get them without any expense whatever for the cost of handling, selling and delivering.

This variety is composed of Homespun, Camel's Hair, Polka-dotted Wool Taffetas, Jacquard and Armure Suitings, Rough Cheviots, Figured Mohair Novelties and All-wool Plaids and Stripes. Seven yards to each pattern.
Worth \$6.50; our price.....\$3.43

Here we have a great array of Tweed Mixtures, Striped and Checked Cheviots, Bourette Novelties, Camel's Hair and Homespun Plaids and Changeable effects. Seven and a half yards in every Suit.
Worth \$8.50, our price.....\$4.37

If there was ever any question where the crown of Dress Goods supremacy rests this paragraph decides it. A line of imported All-wool Suits—good qualities, finest styles and seasonable weight.
Worth \$9.50, our price.....\$5.25

Quilts! Here's where merit doesn't mean extravagance. No matter what Quilts have been or have a right to be, when makers are hunting for buyers and when there's only one buyer instead of the usual dozens it results in economies you've never known the like of. That's why we can write what you will see below.

Bed Quilts, covered on both sides with satens in bright but neat printed effects; warmth without weight,
\$1.25, \$1.50 and.....\$2.00

Bed Quilts, covered on both sides with beautiful French saten, great variety pretty colors and designs,
Very cheap at \$2.75 and.....\$3.00

Down Quilts, covered on both sides with saten and warranted not to shed and to be perfectly odorless,
\$3.75, \$4.25 and.....\$6.50

Down Quilts, covered on one side with figured silk and on the other with best saten, made with deep ruffle,
Worth \$12.50; our price.....\$9.98

Women's Underwear. The low prices are not made to move garments from past seasons, nor because of errors in buying or handling business. They are original bargains, secured by foresight and sound policy. Offener than not the prices are less than the bare material not made up would cost the manufacturers,

Lot 2. Satin Duchesse, Satin Luxors, Crystal Bengalines; Brocade Satin, French Novelty Stripes and Figures, Fancy Armures, Shot Effects, Parisian Taffetas, illuminated and Plain Bayadere Weaves and Rich Moires.
Worth up to \$1.50; our price.....98c

Women's Underwear.

Women's heavy Jersey Ribbed Vests and Pants, finished with silk tape and crocheting,
Worth regularly 50c; our price.....25c

Women's Egyptian Cotton Ribbed Vests and Pants, finished with silk crocheting and dainty ribbon,
Worth 75c; our price.....50c

Women's extra fine Australian Wool Vests and Pants. The best value ever offered in this or any other market.
Worth \$1.25; our price.....98c

THE FAIR

Dry Goods

Extra fine broadcloth at \$1, worth \$1.50.
36-inch blue serge, worth 50c, at 25c yard.
48-inch dress goods in covert cloths and novelty goods reduced to 24c yard.

Black Goods Sale.

Watch us on black dress goods!
36-inch black serge at 30c, 50c grade.
Heavy black whip cord dress goods at 42c.
Heavy black 44-inch serges, worth \$1, at 75c.

Black 48-inch silk finished Herietta at 40c, worth 75c.
Black silk warp Herietta, 42-inch, at 30c, worth \$1.25.
Fine silk and wool cloths, the finest dress goods known, at \$1 yard.
All shades of India silks at 25c.
Crepes, silks at 30c yard.
Drapery cloth, gold tinsel, at 25c.
All our best fancy silks, at \$1, at 75c.
Fur trimming with jet edge at 25c.
Gimps at 20c yard.
Angora fur trimming at 25c.
Jet edges at 20c.
Zephyr at 40c ounce.
Germantown at 10c skein.
Knitting silk 25c.
Spool silk 5c.
Head rests 15c.
Fine embroidered handkerchiefs at 9c.
All our \$1 kid gloves at 80c.
All our best 25c red flannel at 19c.
All our best 25c white flannel at 19c.
Ladies' hose (the very fine grade) at 13c.
50 bolts of Turkey red Damask at 17c yard.
Stamped linens, new, at wholesale prices!

Leather Goods

THE FAIR
Avoid leather store prices.
We say to you: Avoid the high-priced man.
Leather cuff and collar boxes at \$1.
Our new music rolls at 40c and 30c.
Leather writing portfolios at 70c up.
Leather card cases at 25c to 35c.
Leather toilet cases at 25c up.
Leather pocketbooks from 50c to \$5.
Leather pocketbooks, sterling silver mountings, up to \$3.45 each.
Pocketbooks and card cases combined at 25c.

Jewelry

THE FAIR
Avoid jewelry store prices.
Our new jewelry (gold and silver) department is on our main floor, in our main aisle.
Look at our pretty silver and gold goods. The prices are just one-half jewelry store prices!
Sterling silver souvenir spoons at 30c.

Perfumes

THE FAIR
Ed Pinaud's 31 perfumes at 75c, one bottle to customer.
Ed Pinaud's eau de quinine at 35c.

Sterling Silver

THE FAIR
Sterling silver rings at 25c.
Sterling silver match boxes at 40c.
Sterling silver spoons at 25c to \$1.50.
Sterling silver belt pins at 40c.
Sterling silver hat marks at 30c.
Sterling silver thimbles at 15c.
Sterling silver hairpins at 75c.
Sterling silver cuff buttons at 25c.
Sterling silver garter buckles at 15c.
Gold scarf pins at \$1.25.
Sterling silver scarf pins at 50c.
Gold rings with gems at \$1.25.
Gold baby rings at 25c.

Watches

THE FAIR
500 warranted watches, keep first-class time, with chain, at \$1.50.

Silverware

THE FAIR
All silverware warranted for five years.
Silver syrup pitchers at \$1.50.
Silver creamers at \$1.50.
Silver bonbon trays, silver ring stands, silver tea sets at \$3.45.
Silver trays, silver butter dishes at \$1.98 up.

Ostrich Feather

THE FAIR
Fine feather fans at \$1.
Extra large feather fans at \$6.
These choice fans are excellent for holiday gifts and useful for evening dress.

Willow Ware

THE FAIR
Lunch baskets at 15c.
Waste baskets at 25c.
Work baskets at 15c.
Clothes hampers at \$1.50.
Infant baskets at 75c.
Candy baskets 2 for 50c.
Biggest line of willow ware in Atlanta.

Drawn

Spanish Linens
THE FAIR
We have imported a new line of Mexican and Spanish drawn linens, including the handsomest designs yet shown.

THE FAIR

Grand Exposition

OF
TOYS
AND
HOLIDAY WARES.

Since early last June we have been preparing our importations and purchases of beautiful Christmas goods. Our stocks are all complete, all displayed, all ready for your kind visits to inspect. We invite you cordially. One hundred extra sales-ladies await you.

No house in all the south equals us in Holiday Goods!

TOYS

Dolls, French Toys, Doll Cabs, German Toys, Pianos, Wagons, Mechanical Toys, Bicycles, Velocipedes, Iron Toys, Books, Games.

Grand Opening of Toys
ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 3d.
\$25,000 Worth of Toys.

All of our entire second story contains Toys in endless kind. Bring the children to our Toy Opening! We invite you to lay aside your Toys now so as to avoid the Holiday crowds. We allow you to pick out the goods now, and we can store them for you.

Games

THE FAIR
A feature in our toy stock is the large assortment of Games, including Raphael Tuck's, McDougall's, Singer's and all the best games made!

Books

THE FAIR
Avoid regular book store prices.
Don't pay more than goods are sold for at The Fair. We undersell them all.
1,000 cloth volumes of Bacon, Emerson, Carlyle, Hawthorne in pretty bindings at 25c.
Webster's Unabridged Dictionary at \$1.45.
Dickens, calf, \$12.45.
Bulwer, calf, \$8.50.
Scott, \$5.
Thousands of pretty books for boys and girls, ages 8 to 15 years, by Louisa Alcott, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Oliver Optic and standard authors!

Fancy Cups and Saucers
THE FAIR
We have an acre of cups and saucers. Some cups and saucers are 10c. Some cups and saucers as high as \$2.50 each.
After dinner coffee cups!
Chocolate cups!
Bouillon cups!
It is an interesting sight to see our basement!
Porcelain umbrella stands at \$1.

Desks

THE FAIR
Children's and young folks' desks at 80c up.

Children's Chairs and Rockers
THE FAIR
The best line of children's rockers 50c up to \$2.
White and gold rockers with plush seat at 80c.

German Favors
THE FAIR
We have imported new german favors from 5c to 50c each.

Velocipedes
THE FAIR
1,000 boys' velocipedes at \$1.45.

Dinner Sets
THE FAIR
We have a surplus of dinner sets in decorated ware and we shall allow 10 per cent discount on all decorated dinner ware. 100 pieces decorated dinner sets at \$5, worth \$12.

Pictures
THE FAIR
We continue our sale of last Monday in pictures.
1,500 pretty pictures, classic subjects, with rich frame at 25c.

THE FAIR

Dry Goods

Heavy checks 4c.
Oil blue prints 45c.
Heavy cotton flannel 5c.
Table cloth 21c.
Great big towels 5c.
Great big bed spreads 4c.
Bleached pillow casing 3c.
Whalebones 5c dozen.
All wool white blankets, worth \$3.50, at \$3.
Fine new broadcloth portieres at \$3.95.
Linnings 4c yard.
Heavy \$1.50 comfortable at 80c.
Down pillows at 40c.

Cutlery

THE FAIR
Pearl handle knives and forks at \$10 doz.
Rogers' silver knives and forks at \$1.45.
Curvers in ivory sets at \$1.45.
Price our fine carving sets and knives and forks. These are useful holiday presents.
Silver forks or spoons from 25c set up to \$1.45 set.

Silk Umbrellas with Dresden and Gold Handles

THE FAIR
Price our pretty, new, steel rod umbrellas, suitable for Christmas presents. The prices range from \$1.25 up, very low!

Silk Neckties

New gentlemen's neckwear at 25c to \$1.
New silk portieres at \$10.

Hand-painted Plaques and Satin Goods

THE FAIR
We have novelties in hand-painted satin goods for the dresser, including handkerchief cases, glove cases and jewel boxes.

Silk Handkerchiefs

Large and heavy hemstitched silk handkerchiefs at 25c.

Aluminum Novelties

THE FAIR
Aluminum trays!
Aluminum salt and pepper!
Aluminum orange cups!
Aluminum cigar cases!
Aluminum smoking sets!
This line of Aluminum goods is confined exclusively to The Fair.

Pen Knives

Pearl pen knives at 25c.

Rugs

All our deodorized mounted fur rugs reduced from \$5 to \$3.50.
New silk portieres at \$10.
New draperies at 25c yard.

Aprons

1,000 embroidered aprons at 10c.
Beautiful fancy aprons up to \$2.

Picture Frames

THE FAIR
Celluloid picture frames 5c up.
Silver picture frames at 25c up.
Brass picture frames at \$1.98.
See our Florentine brass picture frames.

Silk Pillows

Silk pillows filled with eiderdown at \$1, one to customer.

Writing Desks

THE FAIR
Writing desks at 25c.
Writing desks at \$1.
Writing desks at \$1.45.

Silk Waists

THE FAIR
10 dozen silk waists at \$2.98.

Albums and Scrap Books

THE FAIR
We have an enormous assortment of albums.
Push albums as high as \$10 and as low as 75c.
Scrapbooks 50c to \$1.

A CLOAK AND CAPE IDEA

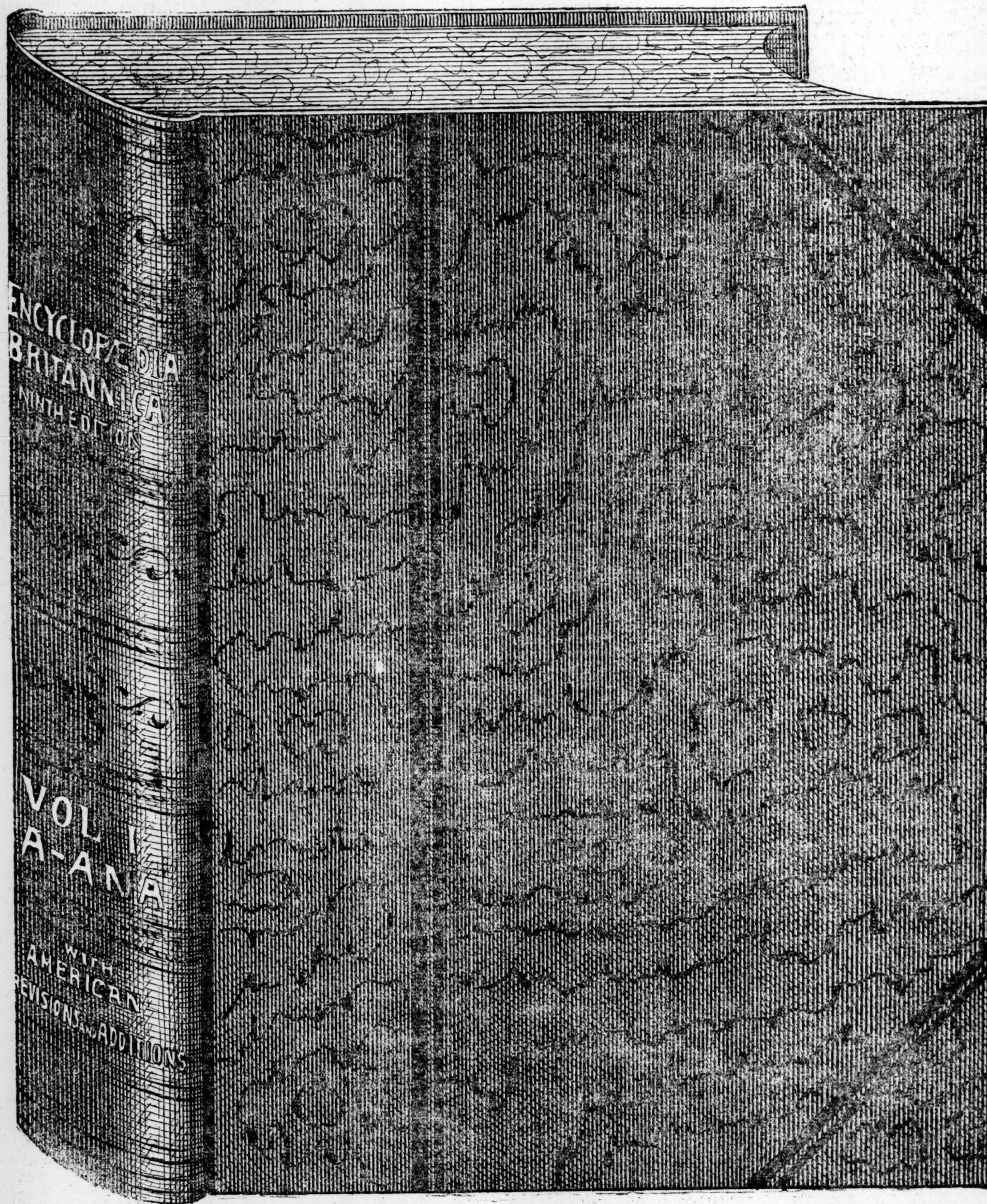
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THE CONSTITUTION

THE MAN IN FRONT.

He Has Been Listening to a Matinee Girl's Idle Prattle.

HE TALKS ABOUT OTIS SKINNER

And Tells of the Play in Which He Will Be Seen Here.

NAT GOODWIN AND ROBSON TOGETHER

It Wasn't Stuart's Fault, However—The Part That a Healthy Jag Played in Chicago—Odds and Ends of Stage News.

The matinee girl rolled her big blue eyes at the youth by her side whose chrysalis and shock of hair were the only evidences of toothless possibilities which he possessed and said, "Oh, isn't he a love. He's just the sort of a hero you would make if you were on the stage."

If you had seen that youth who would agree with me that the love light in that maiden's eyes must have been sufficient to warp anybody's senses. How a sane being could imagine that youth, whose one object in life seemed to be to furnish a motive power



MR. OTIS SKINNER.

In the process of vivifying a cigarette, as a hero on the stage or off, was beyond conception.

But the first part of the remark was all right, for it is easy to see how in the eyes of the matinee girl or anybody else young Brophy, who had the leading part in "The Ensign" could be regarded as a "love."

I regretted that a series of untoward circumstances prevented the appearance of a more lengthy notice of "The Ensign" than appeared in Thursday's Constitution. The fact is, the play has been in many respects the most delightful we have had this year. It is a stirring drama laid in most attractive surroundings, a thoroughly sustained and always interesting story that is well told, and a series of dramatic incidents which were given their full value by Mr. Skinner's excellent company. Mr. Brophy, who took the part of the Ensign, is young, virile, handsome and thoroughly capable. He is an actor of a high class of intelligence—one of the actors who lot a successful future in his profession seems certain. The change was apparent as the almost inevitable child actress was the best I have seen in years.

The scene in the cabinet room at the white house and the appearance of Abraham Lincoln was absolutely startling in its reality, and in every respect the play deserves the hearty commendation which it got at the hands of all who saw it. "The Ensign" came almost unheralded, or rather what was written about it in advance did not give much of an idea of the play itself or of the people, and to say that was a highly gratifying surprise to me. It so thoroughly excellent in putting it mildly. Such plays do good. They are clean; they are wholesome; they are patriotic.

On the Bowery.—The Hero (as the plot thickens)—Now is the time to act!

Voice from the Gallery—Say, I sh'd think it was. We've waited long enough, say?

An interesting story is told, by the way, concerning the reception of the play in the south and the preparations which the managers had made to change it to agree to what they thought was southern sentiment.

Before "The Ensign" started on its southern tour, there was a letter from the author and owner, and it was decided to put in the figures of some of the leaders of the confederacy instead of those of the union army and navy and to change the story so that it would agree with the changes of character. The change was made and the trial at Norfolk, Richmond and other places worked anything but favorably. The details I don't know, but I do know that the play was immediately put back in its old shape and that everywhere it has been seen the appearance of Wells and Farragut, and especially of Lincoln, have been greeted with the greatest applause. The Lincoln appearance is really most wonderful.

"Talk to me about the south living on past memories," said Manager Jacob Little, in discussing the matter, "I do know that the people of the south have all the reverence in the world for the men who were and are the heroes of the confederacy, and I honor them for it; but my experience shows that if there is one section of the country where the purest American patriotism exists it is the south."

This week we are to have a genuine treat. To say that may sound, in the view of the elaboration which seems a part of the advance agent's art, a rather mild term; but I don't mean it to be.

The fact of the matter is, I regard the coming of Otis Skinner as the real event of this season. Of all the young actors on the American stage who are identified with the higher realms of their art Skinner is the most promising. I was going to say the "most promising," but he has gotten far beyond the promising stage. Possessed of magnificent personality, of broad, acute intelligence, of magnetism in a high degree, and schooled in the only school which can bring success—the school of experience, sometimes hard and bitter perhaps, but always moving onward—Skinner has earned the magnificent position which he holds. His versatility, his art, his man who, from the best of his day, can step into the light and airy role of DeGrammont; the man who made that old soldier father in "Madge" such a living reality; the man who seems able to do anything requiring intelligence, and to do it well—such a man cannot be the least of the younger stars on the American stage.

He has grown steadily in the esteem and popularity of the theatergoing public and his present commanding position has been anticipated, not only by virtue of his exceptional dramatic ability, for his keen, artistic perception and ambitious aim, and the exceeding care which he always gave to the smallest details, but also by the fact that as a young actor of superior fiber who would some day aspire to and achieve a position in the foremost rank of his profession. That moment has arrived.

It is also an interesting and noteworthy consideration that Mr. Skinner this time only renews his pleasant associations with us as an actor, but also in the relatively important part of a stage director. The new play which Clyde Fitch has written for him deals with the picturesque and romantic period of English history, and representation to be thoroughly successful required the most careful study regarding stage settings, costumes and the manners and etiquette of the period. It entails not only the labor of studying and rehearsing his own part, but also directing the development of the others. It is the kind of work and study which has been largely responsible for bringing Henry Irving to such a point of eminent distinction. That Mr. Skinner is equally well fitted for such a task there can be no question. He has the artistic enthusiasm, the scholarly nature and the fine intellectual attainments which would naturally reveal in re-creating a picturesque period of the past and placing it on the mimic stage with all faithful reproduction of a truthful picture of portraiture of manners and individuals.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Skinner will be here for only two performances. He was originally to have appeared on Wednesday as well as on Thursday, but he was wanted to open the new Lyceum theater at Memphis and found it impossible to do that and to fill his Atlanta engagement also. He therefore will appear only Thursday afternoon and Thursday night. At both performances he will give Mr. Fitch's new play, in which his success has been so pronounced.

A Standard Joke.—Clara—I'm afraid I should get tired of married life. I should like to be married one year and single the next, year and year about.

Jack—Why don't you go on the stage, then?

The play deals with the court life of the brave and adventurous Count de Grammont at the court of Charles II. of England. It was one of the gayest and most picturesque periods in English history, when the "Merry Monarch" reigned and the court was the scene of extravagance and richness in the varied affairs of court and fashionable life. The dress of the time was exceedingly beautiful in texture and coloring and also arrangement. To reproduce something of this magnificence no care or expense has been spared by Mr. Skinner. The costumes of the characters have been designed by Percy Anderson, of London, famous the world over for this kind of artistic work, who spent months studying the old portraits of the bores of the court of Charles II. painted by Sir Peter Lilly, and now hanging within the royal palace of Hampton Court.

Equal care and attention has been given the scenic environment of the play. Walter Burdette has furnished the settings for the four acts, which combined form a harmony of dignified, rich and delicate arrangement of color such as might be distinctive of the home of royalty.

The first act shows a Tudor Gothic interior at the palace of Whitehall. The windows of the small diamond-pane variety in vogue at that time and are filled with heraldic devices and coats of arms. On the right is a huge, hooded fireplace. The whole scene is a scheme of rich dark color and woodwork and tapestry. It is topped with a carved oak roof. On the left is an entrance to the antechamber in white and light tones, affording an effective contrast to the main scene.

The scene of the second and third acts represents the garden of Hamilton house. It is a delightful reproduction of the old gardens of England, with the stiff appearance produced by the high, thick hedges cut into geometrical and fantastic shapes. The hedges are intersected by a splendid garden path, with high posts on each side mounted by carved figures. On the side is a house of Elizabethan architecture, and the perspective gives a distant view of bright and blossoming gardens and meadows in the glorious light of an English summer sun.

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shows the bad effects of breaking up the abodes of the women of the half-world, and driving them to apartments and flats where their corrupting influence will have more baneful effect. A theory and a theme, by the way, founded on good house sense.

One bit from the book that better than any quoted is this in describing an entertainment at Koster & Bial's, after paying his respects to the audience that laughs at Fougere's songs without understanding the really shocking songs she sings, he says:

"There, there is the strong male band, who poses nearly nude before the little typewriters, and the stolid matrons and 'sales ladies.' He pleases them. His little scarf that he wears over his loins saves them from absolutely shocking them. It is a sort of a sop to their prudery, and they see no harm at all in this emphasized nudity. And the laws of morality that are made by men and for men, and in which the women are left out of account, do not consider that they are outraged in the least by these exhibitions. The nude statue man does not appeal improperly to the men present, and so they are satisfied. But if a strong woman dared to show herself attired in a scarf and a sweet smile what a commotion there would be!"

Alan's book is very strong on the idea that men should be punished for their sinning and that it should not be placed upon the poor women who are their victims.

Hope Booth, the graceful and nervy, is going back to England to star once more. Hope has apparently considerable confidence in herself still, in spite of her unfortunate experience at Koster & Bial's.

A great deal has been written in praise of the "beauty show" of society women's portraits which has been the thing in New York, but if you have seen the Sun and the Sun has a rather startling way of telling unpleasant truths—the beauty was decidedly lacking.

"Instead of beauty a charm," says a Sun writer, "this array of ladies in fine clothes, who have taken in a million too up for analysis. As a whole the exhibition is a death to vanity."

Pretty tough on the beauties!

Oiga Netherole has certainly come to stay.

Her decided hit in "Camille" has been followed by one even more pronounced. The newspaper criticisms of her Juliet are now all in praise of her "Camille."

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To the Public by the Rhodes, Snook & Haverly Company Wednesday from 2 p. m. to 10 p. m.

On Wednesday, from 2 p. m. to 10 p. m., the Rhodes, Snook & Haverly Furniture Company will be at home to the public. Their store, occupying the entire building of the old National hotel, is one of the handsomest in the southern states. The saloons are beautifully decorated and are as convenient as a pantry.

The formal grand opening will be one of the events of the week and will be both pleasing and instructive in its character. Everything that the artist and decorator can do will be shown in magnificent effect to those who visit the many saloons of this great institution. It is not necessary to comment on what can be seen in a big departmental store of this character. One could describe room after room where parlor, library, dining and bedroom furniture may be seen, covering everything that is new and stylish in goods of this character, but it will be more interesting for you to attend the formal opening of the store on Wednesday. The decorations for the occasion will be furnished by the Westview Floral Company, which fact insures the most tasteful display.

The proprietors of this great commercial institution will spare neither money nor time to make your visit pleasant and profitable. Two bands of music have been engaged for the occasion, one playing on the first and the other on the third floor of the building. The decorations for the occasion will be furnished by the Westview Floral Company, which fact insures the most tasteful display.

The good people of Atlanta are most cordially invited to this opening and should, with no doubt, be there in large numbers. Few, if any, of the cities of the size of Atlanta can boast of such a commodious store as the one of the Rhodes, Snook & Haverly Company. It should have the entire support of every Atlanta family. It is just what Atlanta needs. Yes, by all means attend this formal grand opening, next Wednesday, Mr. A. Rhodes, President of the company, will be there to greet you and explain how it is that they buy the goods for so low figures. Mr. P. H. Snook, vice president, will extend you a warm clasp of the hand and show you the prettiest things in the way of furniture ever seen in Georgia. Mr. J. J. Haverly, the secretary and treasurer, will come out of the business office and welcome you to the store. He will be perfectly at home, while Mr. Harry Snook, the general superintendent, will be everywhere in Atlanta, will shake more hands than that even than any one in the city.

The Betsy Hamilton benefit at the East End academy Friday evening was a most delightful occasion. A large audience was present. Among the number were twenty-five or more Agnes Scott girls. Several teachers were in attendance.

Miss Betsy Hamilton was at her best and her rendition of "Catcher in the Rye" was a masterpiece. The "Pygmalion" lover, deserve the highest praise.

In regard to Dr. Holland's "Violets" performance is the first to say, "who have ever heard him that he fairly took the house by storm. He especially appeared to charm the young ladies from the college. The house was well filled and a very good time was had by all. The Baptist cause at Kirkwood.

Purify your



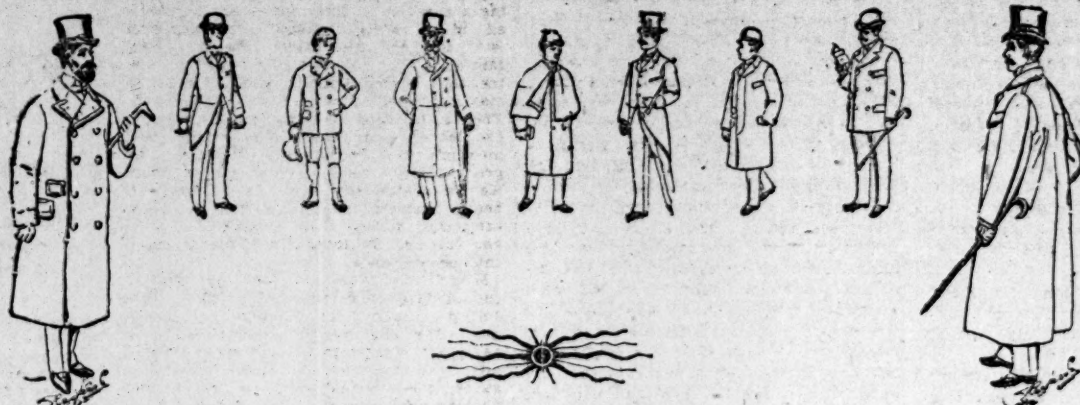
The enduring qualities of our Shoes have been the foundation of our success. We want every one to know it. These are times when people expect much for their money. No Shoes contain more value than ours. A happy blending of style and quality at prices that

INSURE QUICK SALES

Why are we doing the foremost Shoe business in this city? By offering the best at lower prices than any other Shoe house in this country.

Proofs For This Week:

- 200 pairs men's best Calf, hand-sewed, Bal Congress, cap or plain, all styles of toes, worth \$5.00;
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE \$3.98.
- 365 pairs men's genuine Calf, hand welt, Bal or Congress, cap or plain, all styles, widths and toes, worth \$5.00;
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE \$2.98.
- 212 pairs men's Calf Shoes, Bal or Congress; London or Globe plain toe, all, sizes, worth \$2.40;
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE \$1.98.
- 519 pairs men's Satin Calf Shoes, Bal or Congress, cap or plain, all styles of toe, worth \$2.25;
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE \$1.48.
- 135 pairs men's Bals, plain London toe, "guaranteed" all solid leather, sizes 6 to 11, worth \$1.75;
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE \$1.23.
- 94 Pairs Boys' Calf Bal! Paris or Globe, plain toe, worth \$2.50;
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE \$1.98.
- 140 Pairs Boys' Calf Shoes, in button or lace, plain or cap toes, all styles of toes, worth \$2.25;
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE \$1.73.
- 218 Pairs Boys' Satin Calf or Cordovan Bals, cap or plain, any style toe, worth \$2.00;
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE \$1.48.
- 183 Pairs Boys' Tug-of-War Bals, cap or plain toes, worth 1.75;
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE \$1.23.
- 96 Pairs Boys' Solid Leather Bals, tap toes, worth \$1.50;
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE 98c.
- 68 Pairs Youths' Calf Bals, plain Paris toe, worth \$2.50;
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE \$1.73.
- 98 Pairs Youths' Satin Calf Bals, plain Yale toe, worth \$2.00;
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE \$1.23.
- 165 Pairs Youths' "Ironclad" Bals, cap or plain toe, worth \$1.50;
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE 98c.
- 118 pairs ladies' Vici Kid Button, in cloth or kid top, patent tips, opera toe, worth \$4.00;
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE \$2.98.
- 234 pairs ladies' genuine French Dongola Button, turn or extension soles, patent tips, opera toe, worth \$3.50. Common sense of the same.
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE \$2.48.
- 234 pairs ladies' French Dongola Button, in cloth or kid top, patent tips, opera toe, worth \$2.50. Common sense of same.
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE \$1.98.
- 460 pairs ladies' Dongola Kid Button, in cloth or kid top, patent tips, opera toe, worth \$2.25. Common sense of same.
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE \$1.48.
- 418 pairs ladies' Dongola Kid Button, in cloth or kid top, patent tips, opera toe, worth \$1.75. Common sense of same.
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE \$1.25.
- 600 Pairs Ladies' Genuine Dongola Kid Button, Patent tips, Opera toe; worth \$1.50; Common Sense of same;
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE 98c.
- 180 Pairs Misses Dongola Kid Button, Patent tips, Opera toes, worth \$2.00;
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE \$1.48.
- 216 Pairs Misses' Dongola or Grain Button, Patent tips, Opera toes, worth \$1.75;
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE \$1.23.
- 336 Pairs Misses' Dongola Kid Button, Patent tips, Opera toes, all solid leather, worth \$1.50;
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE 98c.
- 384 Pairs Misses' Cloth Top Button, Patent tips, Opera toes, worth \$1.25,
OUR QUICK SALE PRICE 89c.



CLOTHING

Nothing will so quickly prove to you the great intrinsic values of our offerings as seeing, feeling and trying on the Clothes.

Your Money Back Whenever You Want It.

All wool Blue Black and Dark Gray Cheviots and Cassimere Suits, excellently trimmed and tailored, would be superb value at \$10,
Our price.....**\$5.00**

Fancy Valour and Scotch Cheviot Suits, cut very stylish, superior to anything you get elsewhere at \$15, any size desired,
Our price.....**\$7.89**

A Black Clay Worsted Suit, sack or cutaway, every garment hand finished and trimmed with highest quality double warp serge, ordinary price, \$16.50,
Our price.....**\$8.50**

Unfinished Worsted Suits, Farmer's satin lined, journeyman tailoring, and finished equal to first-rate "to order work," cheap at \$18,
Our price.....**\$9.89**

The greatest of all offers. Men's Chinchilla Overcoats, extraordinary value, sizes 34 to 42,
Our price.....**\$3.98**

Black, Gray and Tan Melton Overcoats, Italian cloth and wool lined, cut full and long, and finished with wide velvet collars.....**\$7.89**

Black and Blue German Beaver Overcoats, serge and worsted lined, cut very long and finished with wide velvet collars.....**\$9.89**

The celebrated Crown Kersey Overcoats, in blue and black, cut in new Chesterfield length, double warp serge, lined with deep silk velvet collars.....**\$11.89**

Fine Kersey and Melton Overcoats, in blue, black, brown and gray, Farmer's satin and French worsted lined, wide silk velvet collars,
\$14.89

Children's Suits.

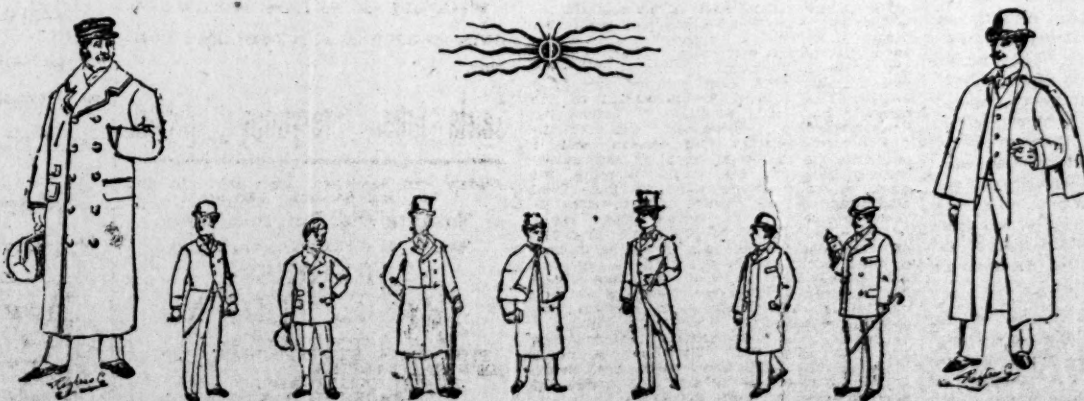
They begin at 79c, sizes 4 to 14.

A splendid Scotch Cheviot Suit, neat patterns, 4 to 14. Our price.....**\$1.48**

One lot Children's Suits in Cassimere and Tweeds, cut double breasted, 4 to 14. Our price.....**\$2.98**

Our Combination Child's Suit consists of Suit and one extra pair of Pants and Cap to match. Our price.....**\$2.48**

Knee Pants at.....**48c, 79c, 98c**



Men's Underwear

- Men's Undershirts or Drawers, good as the regular 50c kind; our price.....**25c**
- Men's Ribbed Undershirts and Drawers, always retailed at \$1.00 each; our price.....**48c**
- Men's all wool Shirts and Drawers, brown, Tans and grays, worth \$1.50 anywhere; our price.....**98c**
- Our Great Suspender Sale begins Monday—Men's Can Tab Suspenders, extraordinary value; our price.....**15c**
- Genuine Wire Buckle and Imitation Guyot Suspenders, worth 50c; our price.....**25c**
- Genuine Guyot and Embroidered Suspenders, twenty-five styles to select from. Our price.....**48c**

Men's Silk Handkerchiefs.

- Fancy border or plain white, great 50c value, for.....**25c**
- Men's Mackintosh Coats, guaranteed rain proof. Our special price.....**\$3.98**
- Canton Flannel Drawers, extra heavy, worth 75c each. Our price.....**48c**

Men's Night Robes.

- Fancy or plain Morphoeus invigorators, splendid value, at.....**48c**
- Men's white unlaundered Shirts, reinforced, warranted not to rip. Our price.....**48c**

Men's Laundered Shirts.

- The 75c kind at.....**48c**

UMBRELLAS

- Crook or straight handles, extra good quality.....**59c**
- One lot Gloria, any style handle, worth \$2.50; our price.....**\$1.48**
- One lot Umbrellas; haberdasher's price \$3.00; our price:.....**\$1.98**

- 25c**
- CANES—Congo, Hickory or Waxel. **48c**
- 79c**

Men's Negligee Shirts.

- Very neat patterns in stripes and checks; our price.....**48c**

Men's Derbies and Alpine Hats!



- The \$2.00 kind at.....**98c**
- The \$3.00 kind at.....**\$1.48**
- The \$4.00 kind at.....**\$2.48**
- Boys' and Children's Yacht and Eaton Caps.....**25c**

Write for Samples
Of Our
Men's Suits, Overcoats and Pants.



Dr. Bigham's Work.
A Full Sketch of the New Pastor of
Trinity Church.

HE WORKED RAPIDLY TO THE FRONT

He Formerly Taught School, but Was
Constrained to Enter the Ministry—
Augusta, La. with Regret.

The following symptoms resulting from dis-
ease of the digestive organs: Constipation,
indigestion, loss of appetite, headache, bilious-
ness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, and
all derangements of the internal
organs. Purely vegetable, containing no
poisonous, mineral or deleterious drugs.

OBSERVE

The following symptoms resulting from dis-
ease of the digestive organs: Constipation,
indigestion, loss of appetite, headache, bilious-
ness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, and
all derangements of the internal
organs. Purely vegetable, containing no
poisonous, mineral or deleterious drugs.

Price, 25c per box. Sold by all druggists.

RADWAY & CO.,
NEW YORK.

ARE YOU
BANKRUPT in health,
constitution undermined by ex-
travagance in eating, by disre-
garding the laws of nature, or
physical capital all gone, if so,
NEVER DESPAIR
Tutt's Liver Pills will cure you.
For sick headache, dyspepsia,
sour stomach, malaria, torpid
liver, constipation, biliousness
and all kindred diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills
an absolute cure.

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S
LITTLE
PILLS

POSITIVELY CURED BY
THESE LITTLE PILLS.
They also relieve Dis-
tress from Dyspepsia, In-
digestion, Colic, Headache,
Biliousness, and all the
diseases of the Liver and
Bowel. They are sold by
all druggists, and by mail
for 25c per box. No
other pills will cure you.
They regulate the bowels and prevent constipation.
Are free from all acids and irritating
salts. Very small, easy to take, no
nausea, no griping. Purely vegetable,
sugar coated.

JACOBS' PHARMACY
The Half-hose That are Stamp
Shank

ON THE TOE
Fit Well, Look Well, Wear Well
They are the only half-hose constructed
in accordance with
The Shape of the Human Foot.
They contain no bunches, no perceptible
seams, and are made of the best
materials, and by the best machinery
and by the best workmen.
Manufactured by the Shaw Stocking Com-
pany, Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers.
Sep 20-22-24-26-28-30-32-34-36-38-40-42-44-46-48-50-52-54-56-58-60-62-64-66-68-70-72-74-76-78-80-82-84-86-88-90-92-94-96-98-100-102-104-106-108-110-112-114-116-118-120-122-124-126-128-130-132-134-136-138-140-142-144-146-148-150-152-154-156-158-160-162-164-166-168-170-172-174-176-178-180-182-184-186-188-190-192-194-196-198-200-202-204-206-208-210-212-214-216-218-220-222-224-226-228-230-232-234-236-238-240-242-244-246-248-250-252-254-256-258-260-262-264-266-268-270-272-274-276-278-280-282-284-286-288-290-292-294-296-298-300-302-304-306-308-310-312-314-316-318-320-322-324-326-328-330-332-334-336-338-340-342-344-346-348-350-352-354-356-358-360-362-364-366-368-370-372-374-376-378-380-382-384-386-388-390-392-394-396-398-400-402-404-406-408-410-412-414-416-418-420-422-424-426-428-430-432-434-436-438-440-442-444-446-448-450-452-454-456-458-460-462-464-466-468-470-472-474-476-478-480-482-484-486-488-490-492-494-496-498-500-502-504-506-508-510-512-514-516-518-520-522-524-526-528-530-532-534-536-538-540-542-544-546-548-550-552-554-556-558-560-562-564-566-568-570-572-574-576-578-580-582-584-586-588-590-592-594-596-598-600-602-604-606-608-610-612-614-616-618-620-622-624-626-628-630-632-634-636-638-640-642-644-646-648-650-652-654-656-658-660-662-664-666-668-670-672-674-676-678-680-682-684-686-688-690-692-694-696-698-700-702-704-706-708-710-712-714-716-718-720-722-724-726-728-730-732-734-736-738-740-742-744-746-748-750-752-754-756-758-760-762-764-766-768-770-772-774-776-778-780-782-784-786-788-790-792-794-796-798-800-802-804-806-808-810-812-814-816-818-820-822-824-826-828-830-832-834-836-838-840-842-844-846-848-850-852-854-856-858-860-862-864-866-868-870-872-874-876-878-880-882-884-886-888-890-892-894-896-898-900-902-904-906-908-910-912-914-916-918-920-922-924-926-928-930-932-934-936-938-940-942-944-946-948-950-952-954-956-958-960-962-964-966-968-970-972-974-976-978-980-982-984-986-988-990-992-994-996-998-1000-1002-1004-1006-1008-1010-1012-1014-1016-1018-1020-1022-1024-1026-1028-1030-1032-1034-1036-1038-1040-1042-1044-1046-1048-1050-1052-1054-1056-1058-1060-1062-1064-1066-1068-1070-1072-1074-1076-1078-1080-1082-1084-1086-1088-1090-1092-1094-1096-1098-1100-1102-1104-1106-1108-1110-1112-1114-1116-1118-1120-1122-1124-1126-1128-1130-1132-1134-1136-1138-1140-1142-1144-1146-1148-1150-1152-1154-1156-1158-1160-1162-1164-1166-1168-1170-1172-1174-1176-1178-1180-1182-1184-1186-1188-1190-1192-1194-1196-1198-1200-1202-1204-1206-1208-1210-1212-1214-1216-1218-1220-1222-1224-1226-1228-1230-1232-1234-1236-1238-1240-1242-1244-1246-1248-1250-1252-1254-1256-1258-1260-1262-1264-1266-1268-1270-1272-1274-1276-1278-1280-1282-1284-1286-1288-1290-1292-1294-1296-1298-1300-1302-1304-1306-1308-1310-1312-1314-1316-1318-1320-1322-1324-1326-1328-1330-1332-1334-1336-1338-1340-1342-1344-1346-1348-1350-1352-1354-1356-1358-1360-1362-1364-1366-1368-1370-1372-1374-1376-1378-1380-1382-1384-1386-1388-1390-1392-1394-1396-1398-1400-1402-1404-1406-1408-1410-1412-1414-1416-1418-1420-1422-1424-1426-1428-1430-1432-1434-1436-1438-1440-1442-1444-1446-1448-1450-1452-1454-1456-1458-1460-1462-1464-1466-1468-1470-1472-1474-1476-1478-1480-1482-1484-1486-1488-1490-1492-1494-1496-1498-1500-1502-1504-1506-1508-1510-1512-1514-1516-1518-1520-1522-1524-1526-1528-1530-1532-1534-1536-1538-1540-1542-1544-1546-1548-1550-1552-1554-1556-1558-1560-1562-1564-1566-1568-1570-1572-1574-1576-1578-1580-1582-1584-1586-1588-1590-1592-1594-1596-1598-1600-1602-1604-1606-1608-1610-1612-1614-1616-1618-1620-1622-1624-1626-1628-1630-1632-1634-1636-1638-1640-1642-1644-1646-1648-1650-1652-1654-1656-1658-1660-1662-1664-1666-1668-1670-1672-1674-1676-1678-1680-1682-1684-1686-1688-1690-1692-1694-1696-1698-1700-1702-1704-1706-1708-1710-1712-1714-1716-1718-1720-1722-1724-1726-1728-1730-1732-1734-1736-1738-1740-1742-1744-1746-1748-1750-1752-1754-1756-1758-1760-1762-1764-1766-1768-1770-1772-1774-1776-1778-1780-1782-1784-1786-1788-1790-1792-1794-1796-1798-1800-1802-1804-1806-1808-1810-1812-1814-1816-1818-1820-1822-1824-1826-1828-1830-1832-1834-1836-1838-1840-1842-1844-1846-1848-1850-1852-1854-1856-1858-1860-1862-1864-1866-1868-1870-1872-1874-1876-1878-1880-1882-1884-1886-1888-1890-1892-1894-1896-1898-1900-1902-1904-1906-1908-1910-1912-1914-1916-1918-1920-1922-1924-1926-1928-1930-1932-1934-1936-1938-1940-1942-1944-1946-1948-1950-1952-1954-1956-1958-1960-1962-1964-1966-1968-1970-1972-1974-1976-1978-1980-1982-1984-1986-1988-1990-1992-1994-1996-1998-2000-2002-2004-2006-2008-2010-2012-2014-2016-2018-2020-2022-2024-2026-2028-2030-2032-2034-2036-2038-2040-2042-2044-2046-2048-2050-2052-2054-2056-2058-2060-2062-2064-2066-2068-2070-2072-2074-2076-2078-2080-2082-2084-2086-2088-2090-2092-2094-2096-2098-2100-2102-2104-2106-2108-2110-2112-2114-2116-2118-2120-2122-2124-2126-2128-2130-2132-2134-2136-2138-2140-2142-2144-2146-2148-2150-2152-2154-2156-2158-2160-2162-2164-2166-2168-2170-2172-2174-2176-2178-2180-2182-2184-2186-2188-2190-2192-2194-2196-2198-2200-2202-2204-2206-2208-2210-2212-2214-2216-2218-2220-2222-2224-2226-2228-2230-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